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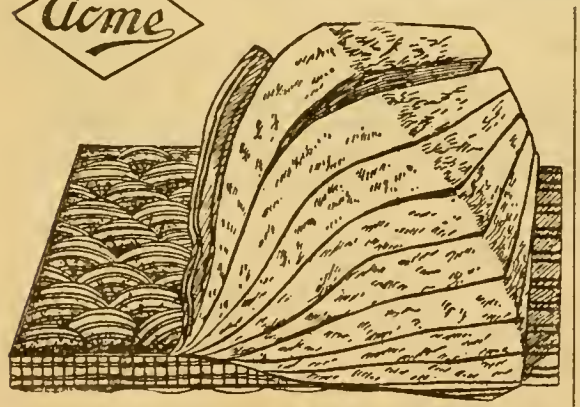

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My lady of the soft, brown eye,
My lady of the ruby lip:
Her love is like the nectar that
The gods on high Olympus sip.

EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

The Story of the South and West

(Copyright by Thos. E. Watson, 1911)

Chapter II.

[A friend having reminded me of the Norsemen, who discovered New England and made a short-lived settlement there, I will give the facts, although they do not belong to the Story of the South and West.

It is gnerally known, I suppose, that the Egyptian priests told something of a great Western world to Solon, the Grecian Sage. The story was communicated, by Solon, to Plato. Mention is made of it, in Grecian and Roman literature.

It was supposed that this mysterious continent sunk—at least in part—during some mighty convulsion of nature.

The newspapers reported, recently, that a French archeologist has discovered the evidence that a white race and a highly developed civilization, once existed in Africa.

There is no doubt of it. Rider Haggard's wonderful story, "She," is based on that fact.

The French savant thinks he has located the ancient Atlantis. No: he has probably come upon the site of a city whose inhabitants were swept away by resistless hordes of invading barbarians. There are many such graves of dead nations in this old world. Asia is full of them—why not Africa?

Indeed, there is reason to believe the so-called New World may have been the home of the most ancient of all the civilizations.]

"After these fifteen centuries, a wild northeaster chanced to some brawny Norwegians, living in Iceland, and they went over, without choice or ticket, from Iceland to Greenland. One Erick the Red, who swung a savage arm, was afterward exiled from Iceland to this Greenland for manslaughter. Many years later, and about the year A. D. 1000, another northeaster storm caught a son of this Erick and hurried him past some islands far off in the farther southwest, that had not gone under in the catastrophe of Atlantis.

"In voyages following, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard were explored, and a settlement was made near Fall River. The first European dying in America and by an Indian, had a Christian burial across the bay off Plymouth Harbor, and almost in sight of the Burial Hill of the Pilgrims, opened six hundred and seventeen years afterward. Three years later a flotilla of three immigrant ships, the first in an apparently endless line, bring over a hundred and sixty adventurers, with a variety of live-stock. The following year the first native American of European blood is born on the shores of Buzzard's Bay, possibly in Falmouth. That was sixteen years before the birth of William the Conqueror. Erick, Bishop of Greenland, comes over A. D. 1121 for professional and religious purposes. Slowly intercourse ceased between the two worlds, the wake of those pioneer ships was covered by other northeasters, and the memories of them faded off into tradition and myths. The last as yet known voyage was made A. D. 1347 by a crew of seventeen, and the mystic continent of the Egyptian priests is left in quiet and obscurity. The puzzle of Solon was half-worked and then the key was lost."

MODERN history dates from the day that Luther nailed his thesis to the church-door of Wittenburg. That daring act of the independent thinker, started the ball to rolling; and it will continue to roll until "the last King is strangled with the guts of the last priest."

In my Introductory Chapter you were furnished the proofs that Columbus was a wicked, merciless adventurer, consumed by the greed for

gold and power; and that he deserved no particular credit for his commonplace voyages. Why, then, was he awarded the honor of the discovery of North America—*an honor which the American secret society, "The Knights of Columbus," are industriously and stealthily trying to turn to political use?*

The royal patrons of Columbus were their "Most Christian Majesties," Ferdinand and Isabella, the favorite children of the Mother Church. It was under these two bigots that the Jews were massacred, and the Moors driven out of Spain. Consequently, it gave Papa genuine pleasure to exercise, in favor of the King and Queen who had financed the venture of Columbus, the right which he claimed, to dispose of the earth as he saw proper. The lies of Columbus were believed; and there was no Captain Peary, or troublesome Esquimaux, to afterwards testify against him. Acting under the belief that the New World had been discovered, Alexander VI.—the ruling Papa—gave half of it to Ferdinand and Isabella. The other half, he gave to the King of Portugal, another great favorite at the Vatican.

The Papa drew the line of division, between Spain and Portugal, from pole to pole, one hundred leagues west of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands; but afterwards it was drawn 370 leagues west of the Cape Verdes. Unfortunately for the grantees, their Papa prudently refrained from warranting the title; and, at present neither of the donees owns a foot of land on this continent. Papa himself, however, owns realty in this Union—just a small part of the original donation to the Kings—which is moderately valued at $500,000,000, *and the old Italian gentleman doesn't have to pay any taxes on it!*

* * * * *

Columbus did not try to colonize: that was not in his mind at all. He was money-mad, and was almost frantic in his search for gold. The expedients to which he resorted to get it—the torture and massacre and enslavement of the Indians who had kept life in the bodies of the Spaniards—were diabolical. Even the ruthless Ferdinand was scandalized when he learned of the atrocities and falsehoods of Columbus. Sick of the universal abhorrence he inspired and of the avoidance of his fellow-man, the murderer, man-hunter, and *failure,* slunk off to a convent, to hide and die.

It is a pity that he ever crossed the ocean, to blight and destroy one of the most attractive types of men and women that God ever created. I mean, of course, the mild, intelligent and progressive Indians of the West Indies.

So far as the later "discoveries" are concerned, it was John Cabot who, in 1497, first landed in this country. He came to the Atlantic coast, about a month before Vespucius went to South America and a year before Columbus did so. Bear in mind that the purpose of all these navigators was, not to colonize, but to find a passage to the exaggerated riches of the Orient. They were gold-hunting, all of them.

Why was it that, after the English monarch, Henry VII., had patronized the Cabots, and had been so successful in "discovering" North America, the English discon-

tinued their voyages for more than a hundred years?

(It is a most singular thing that the historians of this country have never illuminated their narratives by flooding them with allusions to European conditions which influenced our own destiny. It is fortunate for me, now, that the study of history has been my passion from boyhood; and that in the preparations made for the writing of my first book, I became familiar with a great number of historical *reasons* and *explanations,* which would never suggest themselves to the mere book-worm. To have been a successful lawyer, a man of affairs, to have served one term in the legislature, one in Congress, and several, as a political campaigner, has given me an insight into the true inwardness of things that a mere recluse and scholar could never acquire. And in the course of my Story of the South and West, you will be told many things of which you have had no dream.)

* * * * *

The English did not try to *colonize,* until the reign of that lucky old harridan, Queen Elizabeth, *because Spain was the strongest; and England was afraid to invade her papal grant.* For, you must remember, that the territory covered by our republic lay within the boundaries of Papa's little gift to Spain; and, for a century after its publication to the world, *England was Catholic, obedient to the Papa.*

Mark the immense significance of these facts! The Emperor Charles V. had carried his realms to a giddy height of grandeur. He ruled a world larger than the Roman empire had ever been in its palmiest days. His bastard son, Don John of Austria, had won a splendid victory over the Turks at Lepanto. His nephew, the Duke of Parma, was the first soldier of that age. The Great Captain, Gonsalvo, had never known defeat. He himself had humbled the King of France in the battle of Pavia, and had led the French King a prisoner, to Madrid.

In fact, the Spanish troops were, at that period, the best in the world. Therefore, it would have been madness for England, with her five million people, to incur the hostility of so powerful and warlike an empire as that of Charles V.

Recollect, that all this while when the English kept out of the continent given to Spain and Portugal, the Spaniards themselves were in possession. They had a colony in Florida, and had founded St. Augustine, *the oldest city in this republic.* They had colonies, also, in the West, in what are now Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and California.

Incidentally, it may surprise you to learn that the Spaniards were the introducers of negro slavery into this country. There were not only negroes in the expeditions of the early Spanish explorers, (Narvaez, DeLuna, DeSoto, etc.), but they were imported and held in bondage continually after 1565. Those 19 negro slaves brought to Jamestown in 1619 were more than half a century behind time, so far as being the first is concerned.

The race between Spaniard and Englishman, in the final clash, *was a matter of religion.* As long as there was a Catholic priesthood con-

trolling both nations, the papal donation was respected. As long as Spain was the stronger, her possession remained undisturbed and unquestioned. But just as soon as they differed about the Faith, and exchanged places in military and naval power, that papal grant was challenged, and the property invaded. In this connection, due weight should be given to the fact that an Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of Westminster, was the most active and influential of the colonizing agencies.

Mr. Walter Neale, in his new book, "The Sovereignty of the States," asserts quite dogmatically, that Elizabeth colonized this country because she knew the time would come when England would have to depend upon her colonies to feed her. Shucks! No such idea ever entered that old woman's head. How *could* she foresee the time when London would grow to its present dimensions; and when the United Kingdom would have so many mouths to fill?

Consider:

Charles V., after suffering some reverses, lost his self-confidence; and, at Brussels, with gorgeous ceremonial, he abdicated in favor of his son, Philip II.

In the meanwhile Henry VIII. of England, fell in love with pretty Mistress Annie Boleyn (pronounce, Bullen), whom he was so eager to wed that he mated, before he married.

You will recall that Henry's first wife was a Spanish princess, Catharine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. Consequently, when the English monarch applied to Papa for a divorce from her, the Vatican politicians were *afraid* to yield. They had proven, time and again, that they had no conscientious scruples in such matters; but here was a case that was too dangerous. The Emperor, Charles V., being the nephew of Catharine, would be certain to resent the divorce. He was all-powerful, and could strike at close range. On the other hand, the King of England had spent the treasures which his parsimonious sire had ruthlessly raked together; and, besides, had gone into one European war, disastrously, already. So Papa was obdurate on the subject of the desired divorce. He even refused to allow the case appealed to a council.

Henry VIII. was a choleric person; and, like all the Tudors, was head-strong and persevering. He was a typical John Bull—bluff, arbitrary, passionate, overbearing, but, *a Man*—and I suppose that's why few hate him for chopping off the heads of so many guilty wives. At all events, he was no slave of any priesthood; and he knew so well how the Popes had erected that Church of theirs, that he determined to make one, too.

Throwing off the yoke of Papa, the English King elected himself Pope of his people; and if the effect hasn't been the same, as that of the previous arrangement, it is quite frightful to think of how many folks, who sincerely considered themselves Christians, have gone to hell, by that particular route.

Henry's rupture of relations with the Vatican was a blow from which it yet reels. His son, Edward VI., inherited the feud, and turned his

attention toward America. The idea was, to plant colonies of Protestants.

When Mary, the Catholic, married Philip II. of Spain, she reversed the policy of her brother and her father. She respected the papal grant, and excepted it in her charters.

But when Elizabeth ascended the throne, all was changed. She was driven by political necessity to call herself a Protestant, and to govern like one. Her brother-in-law of Spain made war upon her. He sent the great Armada against her. The Duke of Parma was to land an army, from the Low Countries, to co-operate with the fleet. The Queen was in the most imminent peril, and she knew it. But the elements were on her side. A storm destroyed the Spanish squadron; and the Duke of Parma did not cross over. William the Silent wrested Holland from Philip's grasp. The buccaneers of England ravaged the Spanish main, cutting off Philip's supplies of Mexican and South American treasure. As the Spaniard grew weaker, the Englishman grew stronger and bolder.

And *then*—not before—the British government coolly denied the validity of the Papa's grant, and asserted the right and the intention of colonizing America. *The religious war which had inflamed and devastated the Old World, spread to the New.* This is literally true. In the English charters, granted to the pioneers of the colonizing period, it is stated that their *first* purpose is to convert the native races of the New World to the Christian religion. The same declaration of purpose appears as the first clause of every Spanish charter. Where the Spaniard used the word "religion," he meant the Roman Catholic: where the Englishman used it, he meant the Episcopal. This is so very enlightening, as a fact of world-wide, eternal importance, that I will quote the exact language of some of these original charters and will give you, moreover, an account of the war of religions in Florida—the narrative being a translation of the original story, which still remains in the possession of the family of the heroic De Gourgue, the Protestant who avenged the victims of Spanish bigotry and ferocity. This episode, not related in our histories, is one of the most thrilling stories in the annals of the human race. My next chapter will be devoted to it.

APPENDIX.

(From a French report of a "discoveryo," by LaSalle.)

"Firstly, the service of God may be established there by the preaching of the Gospel to numerous docile and settled (sedentaires) nations who will be found more willing to receive it than those of other parts of America, upon account of their greater civilization."

(From another commission to Lasalle.)

"After which the Sieur de la Salle said that his majesty, as eldest son of the church, would annext no country to his crown without making it his chief care to establish the Christian religion therein, and that its symbol must now be planted, which was accordingly done at once by erecting a cross, before which the **Vexilla** and the **Domine Salvum fac Regem** were sung, whereupon the ceremony was concluded with cries of **Vive le Roi.**"

(From "Discourse on Western Planting." By Hakluyt. Published in 1584.)

"**The Discourse of Western Planting** is a summary, in twenty-one 'chapters,' of

the reasons for immediate action, as in the mind of the geographer and ecclesiastic who wrote it. In the headings of the 'chapters' Hackluyt does not state the Protestant argument, but the book is full of anti-Catholic as well as anti-Spanish bias. A few of the headings may be quoted as examples of the arguments that Hackluyt thought would move her majesty to immediate action.

" 'I.—That this westerne discoverie will be greately for the inlargemente of the gospell of Christe, whereunto the princes of the refourmed relligion are chefely bounde, amongst whome her Majestie ys principall.

" 'II.—That all other Englishe trades are growen beggerly or daungerous, especially in all the King of Spayne his domynions, where our men are dryven to flinge their bibles and prayer bookes into the sea, and to forsweare and renounce their religgion and conscience and consequently theyr obedience to her Majestie.

" 'V.—That this voyadge will be a greate bridle to the Indies of the Kinge of Spaine, and a meane that wee may arreste at our pleasure for the space of tenne weekes or three monethes every yere, one or twoo hundred saile of his shippes at the fysshinge in Newfounde lande.

" 'VIII.—That the lymites of the Kynge of Spaines domynions in the West Indies be nothinge so large as ys generally ymagined and surmised, neither those parts which he holdeth be of any such forces as ys falsly geven oute by the popishe clergye and others his fautors, to terrifie the princes of the relligion and to abuse and blynde them.' "

(From "The Genesis of the United States," a compendium of ancient documents, only recently published by the Virginia Historical Society, the learned Alexander Brown being the Editor of this most valuable collection.)

"Although many took little or no interest in the matter, and some were critics, opponents, and enemies of the enterprise from the first, still the movement was really a national one. I am very sure that a majority of the House of Lords and House of Commons were interested. The government was represented by the king, the royal family, and many great officials; the church by some of her most noted divines; the trades by the city companies of London and by some of the greatest merchants of England; the army, the navy, and the learned professions by an assemblage of peculiarly illustrious names. England had the earnest support of the Protestants of the United Netherlands; and 'the eyes of all Europe were looking upon their endeavors to spread the Gospel among the heathen people of Virginia, to plant an English nation there, and to settle in those parts.' (p. 463). It was regarded 'as an action concerning God, and the advancement of religion, the present ease, future honor and safety of the kingdom, the strength of the navy, the visible hope of a great and rich trade, and many secret blessings not yet discovered.' (p. 253). It was under the management of some of the greatest men in English history; they selected one of the strongest natural positions for their purpose on our Atlantic coast; they took fast hold there; they prayed 'unto that mercifull and tender God, who is both easie and glad to be intreated, that it would please Him to bless and water these feeble beginnings, and that as He is wonderfull in all His works, so to nourish this graine of seed, that it may spread untill all people of the earth admire the greatnesse and seeke the shades and fruit thereof,' (p. 352); and it pleased God to answer their prayer. 'All people of the earth admire our greatness;' and yet, as I have said, our knowledge of these men and of their work has been derived almost entirely from the evidence of their opponents. I have tried to correct this great national and historical wrong. Necessarily very much is still wanting in the historical portion of my work; but I believe the true character of our founders is sufficiently shown in the biography (which thus shows much of the needed additional light on the history), and I think that a correct idea of our first foundation 'which was **de nihilo ad quid**,' will be arrived at, if the reader will take the pains to consider the whole work from the preface to finis, before forming a fixed opinion."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

(Copyright by Thomas E. Watson)

[For the individual Roman Catholic who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter VII.

LET us now make a study of the claims put forth and the rites practised by the primitive church, in order that we may intelligently determine whether the Roman Catholic hierarchy *inherited* its system, or *invented* it. Surely, no point in the controversy could be more important. A probe of that kind, seeks the very bottom of the question.

If the system in operation in Roman Catholic churches *is an inheritance,* proofs to that effect should be easily obtainable. The original sources of information are at our command. We not only have the New Testament, but we have both profane and sacred writings that are amply sufficient and absolutely unassailable. If the usages now in vogue and the powers now claimed *cannot be traced to these original Roman Catholic organizations,* the burden of proof is cast upon the hierarchy to produce evidence to establish the Christian character of their observances, ceremonial rites and priestly pretensions. If they are unable to do this, their case goes out of the court of unfettered intelligence.

If it can be shown that none of their distinguishing dogmas and rites had a Christian origin, and that *every one of them was borrowed from paganism,* the case against them will be made out, completely. In this connection, and by way of parenthesis, I beg to announce that if any Roman Catholic scholar, whose standing is national and who will be recognized by the Roman Catholics *as a representative Roman Catholic,* desires to discuss the subject with me, in this magazine, I will give him the opportunity, allotting to him as many pages as I myself take.

In the study of ancient conditions and the primitive mental attitude, we are often aided in realizing the difference, by first getting a correct idea of present conditions and the present point of view. Therefore, I will tax your patience with a quotation from a sermon recently preached in Chicago, by Martin M. Gregory, a Roman Catholic priest, and reported in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean.*

Said "Father" Gregory—an appellation which Jesus Christ emphatically declared should be given to none save "our Father who art in Heaven:"

"The priest of today, rightly ordained in the church, is as truly a priest as were the apostles or even Christ Himself. In his

elevation to the sacredotal order, the priest receives a spiritual character and he participates in the divine power of our Savior. He is not merely like Aaron and Melchizedek, he is like Christ Himself. He is another Christ. He not merely represents Christ; he is one with Him. Christ is in him by the divine power he has received in ordination, and through the mystic words of consecration he really and truly offers up to God his own Divine Son, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

"I cannot exaggerate the power and dignity of the priest of God. His power is greater than that of an angel. His dignity is greater than that of Mary, the queen of angels. At the altar his power is not inferior to that of God Himself. In the most adorable sacrifice of the mass the priest, in taking bread and wine and pronouncing the several words of consecration, draws aside the veil of heaven and calls Christ down upon our altar. **At the voice of the priest the substance of bread and wine are immediately changed into the body and blood of Christ.** No power of man is equal to this sublime action. It must be the power of God.

"Besides the sacrificial power which the priest receives there is also given him, in his ordination, the power to forgive sins. These are the words of Christ:

" 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, shall be forgiven them.'

"This power of forgiving sins he shares with Christ himself, so that if Christ were to descend upon earth and hear confessions in one confessional, while the priest would in another, the penitents in both cases would be forgiven in the same degree.

"Behold, then, the power and dignity of the priest! What can we find in this world comparable to it? St. Ignatius calls it the 'apex of dignities.' 'The sacredotal dignity surpasses the dignity of the angels,' says St. Gregory. St. Ephraim tells us that the gift of sacredotal dignity surpasses all understanding. The dignity of the priesthood is a mystery and we cannot form a just conception of it. It suffices that we attend to the words of Christ when He says: 'He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me.' "

"Nationalities must be subordinated to religion, and we **must learn that we are Catholics first and citizens next.**

"God is above man, and **the Church is above the State.**"

That excerpt from Gregory's sermon is illuminating, for more reasons than one. In the first place, it explodes the contention of those people who claim that the priests do nothing more than remit *the temporal penalties* for sin.

I have always stated, when discussing papal pretensions, that the priests claim that they have the divine authority for *pardoning the sin itself,* just as Christ and God, the Father, take it away. See how fully "Father" Gregory vindicates the truth of my statement.

And see how he almost puts the priest above God, the Father!

According to this theory—*which is the orthodox Roman Catholic dogma*—we have not an invisible Trinity, but *a Triune God, with as many equals on earth as there are ordained priests.* In other words, we are not a One-God people, but a Many-God people—not monotheists, but pantheists.

And if you will think it out, you will realize that the hierarchy is logically carried to that preposterous proposition, *by the necessities of their case.* They took on so much of what was pagan, that they were compelled to "go the whole hog."

They transplanted from Roman and Oriental priesthoods the forgiveness of sin, for the same purpose which prompted pagan priests to maintain their power to wash it out. *It was an inexhaustible source of revenue.* Having then taken possession of Purgatory, which the Zoroastrians had exclusively owned for ages, it became a logical necessity *to advance the priest to the position of a God.*

Apparently, it never occurs to the Gregorys that the power arrogated to the priest—especially at the altar—is wholly inconsistent with the powers claimed for Papa. If the priest at the altar "is not inferior to God," what becomes of Papa's supremacy over Sir Priest? If priests are living Christs, why does

He need any earthly Vice-regent? If every priest is a Christ, why any prayers to Heaven? Why so many expensive churches and ceremonials? Why should the priest eat and drink the body and blood of Christ, when he is a Christ himself? *The spectacle of one God eating and drinking another, is not edifying.*

And the Roman Catholic *must* put himself in that monstrous and untenable position, *to support his theory of Purgatory, and the full pardon of sin.* You can readily comprehend that when the priest usurps the authority to do what Christ does, he cannot escape from the desperate necessity which he thus brings upon himself. Having set up the contention that he is equal to Christ, in the forgiving of sin, *HE IS COMPELLED—nolens, volens—to claim that he is not inferior to God.*

This affords as good an opening as any to the great, controlling question—

Do the Roman prelates take their priestly estate by Inheritance, or by Purchase? Did they get it, as Heirs of the Apostles; or did they purloin it from the Roman and Oriental pagans?

A few simple tests will try the question:

Can you, anywhere in the New Testament, discover any trace of this blasphemous doctrine, that the disciple was the equal of his Lord? Is there a single verse which supports the contention that the ordained minister was superior to the angels?

Did Paul, the Twelve, or any other primitive preachers, assert their equality with God? Is there a single word about *offering "up to God His own Divine Son?"*

Did any of the early converts to Christ claim the power to pardon sins, excepting those who were commissioned by Christ in person? When and where did Paul claim that he had authority to forgive sins? What early church countenanced any such blasphemous usurpation? Where is there any Biblical authority for the crazy assertion that, if Christ were in one confessional and a priest in another, it would merely be a case of two equals, exercising the same power?

As to the confessional itself, it was never known to the Christian practice until the year 1215. It was ordained by the Council of Lateran. Until then, confessions of sin had been made in the Roman Catholic church in the same manner that now prevails in the Protestant congregations. The contrite man or woman stood up in the open and public meeting, and confessed his or her sins—melted to tears of repentance, and begging the mercy of a sympathizing Mediator and Redeemer. (I wonder if there are any tears, whatever, more pure and holy than these. Surely there are none that incline us more lovingly to take all of erring Humanity into one's arms. Those who have never made this glorious surrender of their pride, have never tasted the most delicious of mundane blessedness.)

This method of confession meets every demand of the text from James, on which the priests base their monstrous pretensions.

"Confess, therefore, your sins to one another; and pray one for another that you may be saved."

This doesn't mean that a thick-lipped, bull-necked, pot-gutted man —who never did an honest day's work in his whole life—shall have the right *to turn your pure daughter, or loving wife, into a receptacle of every nasty thought that enters his libidinous brain.*

The text means, the voluntary and occasional outbursts of *grief for wrong living,* which precedes and makes for the "Love Feast" that draws good men and women together, blots out transgressions, restores friendships, buries animosities, and fills human souls with the inspiration *to live right.*

That sort of confession, helps Humanity onward and upward. That sort, hurts nobody, and is a blessing to the entire vicinage.

But a secret confessional, in which a lewd priest sows the minds of girls and married women with lascivious suggestions, is an open way to damnation, along which untold thousands of our sisters have travelled to hell!

Rev. Gregory imagines Christ as the priest in the filthy confessional: can you *do* it? Can you picture Jesus as sitting inside one of those sinks of perdition and with a leer of lust on His lips, asking a lovely, sixteen-year-old girl if she had ever indulged in self-abuse, or placed her hand, sensually, on any portion of her person? Can you believe that the modest, pure-minded Christ would ever have asked a maiden whether she had ever felt the glow of sexual desire?

God in Heaven! What are some men thinking about, to allow robust, red-mouthed and red-headed young priests to soil the ears and the souls of their wives, sweethearts, sisters and daughters with such questions as those? What good is possible? What harm is inevitable!

In a subsequent chapter of this series, you will be given an account of some of the terrible consequences of this secret confession to unmarried Lotharios, parading as priests and enjoying themselves carnally with the choicest women of the earth.

In the meantime I put it to your common sense—how could a weak, passionate mortal refrain from a woman, who came to him of her own free will, and *alone with him IN PRIVATE, confessed that she wanted a man.* You know what we men are. We are polygamous by nature. We crave novelty in our relations with women. Those of us who manage to live as chastely as our wives do, have to struggle constantly to control our tendency to indulgence of the most powerful of human appetites. We dare not wander into temptation. We know what would happen, if we did. We despise Joseph, and rather regret that Potiphar's wife had to make the report that she did. This being the case, how in the world is it that men of the same make as ourselves permit their women to come under the influence and into the power of other men, *who are just like us?*

At the confessional, the priest finds out what girls and married women he can seduce. Having discovered the frail, he wouldn't be human if he did not take advantage of his opportunity.

Now listen, as Sam Jones used to say:

The priests of Bacchus, the pagan god of wine and sensuality, were not allowed to marry. To

compensate them, they were permitted to enjoy the syrens, *who, by admissions made to the pagan priests, AT THE PAGAN CONFESSIONAL,* disclosed the fact that they were the prey of sexual inclination.

This priest-hood existed throughout the Hellenic settlements along the shores of the Meditterranean, and, like every other form of worship, it found its way to Rome.

The Roman Catholic priests recognized the tremendous leverage it gave to the celibate over the household and over the feminine members of it; and after it had been commenced and discontinued several times, it became the settled policy of the Roman hierarchy. Popes who had swarms of bastard children could hardly deny the priests access to the willing women.

(APPENDIX.)

From "The Papal System," by Cathcart.

"THE QUESTIONS OF THE CONFESSIONAL."

"Many of these are too horrible to transcribe, and they shall not appear in this work. Those who wish to see the beastly vileness of the beastliest institutions on the face of the earth, can consult Bailly, Peter Dens, and **Saint** Alphonsus Liguori.

"Michelet, the celebrated French author, speaks of the manuals placed in the hands of the young priest to guide his questions in the confessional, as 'Addressed to a world of festering filth, which the religious wars left behind them. You will find in them such crimes as could never be committed except by the horrid soldiery of the Duke of Alva, or those bands without country, law, or God, which Wallenstein raised, **true wandering Sodomites, which the old ones would have held in horror.** And this young priest who, according to you, believes that the world is still that frightful world, comes to the confessional with all that villainous knowledge; his imagination furnished with monstrous cases; you place him in contact with a child who has not left her mother, who knows nothing, who has nothing to tell, whose greatest crime consists in not having learned her catechism, or in having wounded a butterfly. I shudder at the questions he is about to put to her; at all that he is about to teach her in his **conscientious brutality!'**

"Delicate Questions put in every Catholic Prayer Book in the Vulgar Tongue—upon which every Woman is to examine herself before appearing at the Confessional.

"On the sixth commandment: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

" 'Have you been guilty of any acts of impurity? Under this head all sins against purity must be carefully examined, as well as whatever tends to their commission or indulgence. Have you been guilty of filthy talking? of reading immodest books? of indecency of dress? of looking at unchaste objects? of taking any dangerous or improper liberties?

" 'N. B. As the sins against this and the ninth commandment, (Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife) are most grievous, and at the same time most **various,** the **prudent** counsel of your director (priest) will assist you, if necessary, **in a more particular examination.'—Garden of the Soul,** page 199.

"The Mission Book in the English language, a work of great popularity in the Catholic church, suggests the following questions under the sixth and ninth commandments:

" 'Have you dwelt wilfully and with complaisance, upon impure thoughts or imaginations? Have you in fact consented to them in your mind? How often?'

" 'Have you made use of impure language or allusions; or listened to it willingly and with complaisance? Was it sometimes before persons of another sex? Have you sung immodest songs, or listened to them? How often?'

" 'Have you been guilty of improper and dangerous freedoms with any of the other sex? How far have you carried this sinful conduct? Was the companion of your guilt a single person? How often? A relation? How often? A married person? How often?'

" 'Have you written improper letters or received them? How often? Have you gazed immodestly upon yourself or others; upon pictures or statues, or any object which could excite desires? How often? Have you indulged in habits of secret sin? How long? How often?'

" 'Have you, by the freedom of your manners, or your immodest dress, been the cause of temptation to others? Was this also your intention? Have you read impure books, or newspapers? How often? Have you lent them to others? Have you exposed yourself voluntarily to the occasions of sin by means of dances, shows, theatres, etc., by intemperance, by reading romances and plays, by walking out at night, by frequenting society, or by remaining alone with persons of a different sex? Have you been guilty of seduction? How often? Have your sins against these two commandments been sometimes of an

unnatural kind? How often?' * A parent is required to examine his or her conscience, with a view to the confessional, on this matter: 'Have you exposed the innocence of your children to danger by letting them sleep together without distinction, or by taking them to your own bed, or keeping them in the same room, when already old enough to be scandalized? How often?' || A wife, at the confessional, must be ready to answer these questions: 'Have you been respectful and obedient to your husband in everything reasonable? Have you refused him his marriage rights? How often? Have you not persuaded him to offend God against the dictates of nature and of conscience? How often?' ::

"Every question put by the priest must he answered on peril of damnation; he sits instead of Christ, you are confessing to God, the voice of the priest is Immanuel's; it is the Almighty that addresses the trembling penitent. And for this reason the priest hears everything, **EVERYTHING**, however shocking, shameful, frivolous, frightful; everything in thoughts, feelings, words, looks, and deeds. And Michelet is right in describing a husband whose wife frequents the confessional, as in a humiliating position; 'It is,' says he, ' a most humiliating thing to be seen, followed into the most intimate intimacy by an invisible witness, who regulates you, and assigns to you, your part; to meet in the street a man who knows better than yourself your most secret acts of weakness, who humbly salutes you and turns aside and laughs.'

"These questions just quoted are found in some shape in the prayer books everywhere in use in the Catholic church; they are in the language of the people; they are modest, compared to the frightful questions compiled by **theologians** for the use of **priests**, and covered by the Latin tongue; and yet what blushes, shame, horror, and outrages upon delicacy these questions involve! That the modesty of women should be placed on the rack in the confessional by a bachelor priest, full of curiosity as well as sanctity, and torn, lacerated, and disjointed, under the awful sanctions of the Almighty, is indeed a dreadful thought.

"Gavin† tells us that in his time, in Spain, they had a class of priests who were known as Deaf Confessors. These men were not really deaf, but they acted as if they were. They lent an ear to penitents of every grade; they asked no questions about the secrets of any heart; and after each penitent had made his own statement to the confessor, he received a certificate which relieved him from the penalties of the church for a year. Is it any wonder that the Deaf Confessors were visited by throngs; that immense numbers of women should send for them or come to them, and that day and night they should be compelled to ply their calling with unresting activity? Would it not be a positive advantage to the world, and especially to religion, if every confessor was smitten not with temporary, but real deafness, the moment he entered his wretched den of torture?

"The confessional is the most odious system of espionage ever invented by cunning despots. It is the most flagitious outrage upon the rights of husbands and wives, parents and children, the sinning and the sinned against, that ever shocked modesty or ground trembling hearts under its fatal heel. It is strongly believed to be the greatest incitement to vice that a holy God ever permitted; frightful examples of which are on record. It turns priests into odious receptacles for the stench and nastiness of all the foul corruptions of thousands, making them sons of the **MAN OF SIN**, ready bearers of the iniquities of whole communities.

"This plague claims to start from the Scriptures. James is quoted as authority for it: 'confess therefore your sins one to another; and pray one for another that you may be saved,' v. 16 (Vulgate: Confiteminiergo alterutrum precata vestra; et orate pro invicem ut salvemini). But this Scripture is quite as good authority for priests confessing to laymen or women, as it is for either party confessing to them. It is not: confess your sins to the priest and he will absolve you. And if James had known anything of priestly confession, he would never have used the exhortation, 'Confess therefore your sins **one to another.**' The other authority from Scripture is in Matt. xviii. 18: 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye lose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' The same promise is given in Matt. xvi. 19, and John xx. 23. It is argued that as the apostles received power to free men from their sins, or bind their sins upon them, the confessional was instituted by that authority. But the inference is not quite just. Ananias and Sapphira made no confession of sin to Peter; nor did any mortal bear witness against them to him. Peter could bind and loose because the Holy Spirit rested so powerfully upon him that he could see the acts of those who were away from his bodily sight. He needed no confession box; and besides, the pope is not Peter, his bishops are not apostles. After the calling of Paul there weer no more apostles; and they could have no successors, after the generation which knew Jesus had passed away, Acts I. 21-2. No man lives who walked with Christ and His apostles during His whole ministry, who saw Him alive from the dead, so as to be a witness of His resurrection; and as Peter in this passage declares that such men are needed, there can be no successor to the apostles, or to their powers of bind-

ing and loosing; nor did they need the confessional to enable them to discharge their duties, and exercise their privileges.

"The confessional has neither **EXISTENCE NOR SANCTION FROM THE SCRIPTURES**; it was wholly unknown in all ancient churches; it had no **LEGAL LIFE** in the Catholic Church before the year **TWELVE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN**; it is in itself a withering curse, a cruel tyranny, without one redeeming quality; and as a **MODERN INNOVATION, AND AN INSTRUMENT OF OPPRESSION** it should be banished from the world."

The Growth of the Office-Holding Class

THERE are now 16,000 offices in the State of New York, *not including those in the cities.*

During the last five years, 5,000 new offices have been created.

While it is natural that the number of office-holders should grow with the growth of the country, it is a national calamity to have unnecessary positions created.

The Federal Government carries nearly 800,000 officials on its payroll, not counting the army and navy. Now, when you realize that Congress is everlastingly finding some plausible pretext for establishing more offices, you can see that we will soon have *one Federal official to every hundred inhabitants.*

Then consider the men filling offices in towns, cities, State governments, school-boards, State institutions, Colleges, Charitable organizations and mission boards! Also, take into consideration the number of people that draw salaries from the public, in one way or another: the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the dentist, the merchant, the undertaker, the editor, the drummer, the insurance agent, the railway employee, the ship and boat crews, the sales agent, the warehouse man, the banker and his staff, the broker, the jeweler, the optician, the druggist, and the innumerable army of men and women who live by their wits.

There you have a view of *the non-producing class.*

I don't include the manufacturer, because he adds something to the value of the material he turns into finished products.

Only those who live off Society, *producing nothing whatever,* are enumerated. Does the array appear to be formidable?

Look around you and count those in your community who are non-producers, and the number will astound you.

To recklessly go on adding to the number of the non-producing class, is madness.

Most of the professions are overcrowded: too many stalwart men and boys are keeping stores: and the multitude of those whose aversion to manual labor is unconquerable, is very great.

To make matters worse, nearly all of the millions of salaried officials are clamoring, organizing and strenuously working for more pay.

What Senators A. O. Bacon and A. S. Clay Had to Say in the U. S. Senate About the Origin of the R. F. D. System

LAST spring the *Saturday Evening Post* published a letter from Marion Butler, of North Carolina, who entered Congress after I left, in which that unprincipled renegade claimed credit for securing the first appropriation for Rural Free Delivery. It was the *third* appropriation which he obtained, and I have frequently given him credit for that much. I sent to the *Post* the proofs as they appeared in the Congressional Record, but that paper refused to print my letter. (It was this same paper, you remember, that tried to help out old Lon Livingston when we were after him last summer.) The letter with which I accompanied the original proofs may be worth while, and therefore we print it for our readers:

Thomson, Ga., March 9, 1910.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

Dear Sir: In one of your recent issues, I see that Marion Butler, formerly of North Carolina, takes credit to himself for the present Rural Free Delivery system. He states that he secured the first appropriation for it in 1896.

As you have felt sufficiently interested in the subject to publish what Mr. Butler has written, I feel sure that you will be glad to get the record straight, and the actual facts of the case before your readers.

The appropriation to which Mr. Butler refers to as the original foundation of the present magnificent system of free delivery of mails to country people, **was the third** appropriation, instead of the first. The first passed through the Committee of the Whole House, of the lower branch of Congress, on the 17th day of February, 1893. You can verify this by referring to the Official Record of Congress, wherein the proceedings of that day are reported. Inasmuch, however, as I can send you Senator Clay's speech on the R. F. D., in which he copies from the Congressional Record of February 17, 1893, I can save you the trouble of applying for the Congressional Record of the earlier date. From the pages inclosed you will find that both Senators Clay and Bacon stated in their places in the Senate that they had examined the Official Records, and found that my resolution, carrying the appropriation for experimental free delivery of mail among people living outside of the towns and villages, **was the first mandatory resolution that Congress ever adopted on that subject.**

My recollection is that Hon. Charles L. Moses, of Georgia, was the author of **the second** resolution appropriating money for experimental rural free delivery. I was aware of the fact that Senator Butler secured **the third** appropriation, and have often stated that fact, in writing to the newspapers on this much mooted question of the origin of the R. F. D.

It may interest you to know that Postmaster General Bissell refused to obey the law, and that it was not until he resigned and was succeeded by Hon. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, that the actual experiment was made, as directed by Congress. Mr. Wilson laid out some R. F. D. routes in West Virginia, and the experiment was such an immediate and pronounced success that the system rapidly grew. Postmaster General Wilson, in speaking of the authorship of the first resolution on the subject, invariably mentioned my name; and so did Mr. E. W. Matchen, under whom the system was so greatly extended.

If you would refer to the original record of February 17th, 1893, you would discover that there was a lengthy running debate and two votes taken. At first, I met with defeat; but, later, secured a reconsideration, another vote, and was happy enough to pass my resolution by a vote of 79 ayes to 41 nays. Mr. Henderson, of North Carolina, was Chairman of the Committee of the Whole on that day. Before the final vote was taken, he put the committee on notice that the adoption of my resolution **would be new legislation,** as you will see from the inclosed paragraphs taken from the Record. The law as it then stood, provided for experimental delivery in rural communities, **but the Department had construed that law to mean cities, towns and villages,** whereas my resolution made it mandatory that they should experiment with free delivery of mails, in communities that were absolutely

rural—that is, outside of cities, towns and villages. Very respectfully yours,

THOS. E. WATSON.

From the *Congressional Record*, February 25, 1903.

Mr. CLAY. Mr. President, an examination of the **Congressional Record** of February 17, 1893, shows that the Post-Office appropriation bill was pending in the House of Representatives, and when an item for free-delivery service, including existing experimental free-delivery offices, of $11,254,943 was reached, Hon. T. E. Watson, who was then a member of the House of Representatives from Georgia, introduced the following amendment:

For free-delivery service, including existing experimental free-delivery offices, $11,254,943, of which sum $10,000 shall be applied, under the direction of the Postmaster-General, to experimental free delivery in rural communities other than towns and villages.

Further examination of the **Congressional Record** shows the following colloquy to have taken place between members:

Mr. HOLMAN. I reserve a point of order on that amendment.

Mr. WATSON. This reduces the expenditure provided for in the bill.

Mr. HENDERSON of North Carolina. I desire to reserve a point of order.

THE CHAIRMAN. A point of order has already been reserved.

Mr. WATSON. Mr. Chairman, the paragraph under consideration provides for the expenditure of $11,254,943 for free-delivery service. My amendment reduces the amount of that expenditure and simply directs that the Postmaster-General shall supply $10,000 of the appropriation to experimental free delivery in rural communities.

Mr. LOUD. That is already provided for; the gentleman will accomplish nothing by his amendment.

Mr. WATSON. It is not provided for in rural districts other than towns and villages. There is no experimental service in rural communities other than towns and villages.

Mr. BUCHANAN of New Jersey. You mean "truly rural?"

Mr. WATSON. Yes, sir; the real country.

Mr. HOLMAN. I think there is some misapprehension as to the law on this subject. I would like to ask the gentleman from North Carolina in charge of this bill what the existing law is.

Mr. HENDERSON of North Carolina. There is no law on the subject providing for rural free delivery or experiments in that direction. There is a law which provides for experiments in small towns and villages, and 48 of these now have free delivery. That condition is preserved in this bill, but no provision is made for rural free delivery.

Mr. WATSON. The present law provides for an experimental delivery in rural communities; but as I understand it—and the chairman of the committee, the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Henderson], makes the statement to the House—the law has been construed to mean cities, towns, and villages, and there are now in operation experimental free deliveries in certain towns and villages.

The law expressly provides for rural communities, and it seems to me where the general laws make such provision there is no hardship in taking a small amount from the appropriation, only $10,000, and appropriating it for experimental free delivery in absolutely rural communities; that is to say, in the country, pure and simple, amongst the farmers, in those neighborhoods where they do not get their mail more than once in every two weeks, and where these deserving people have settled in communities one hundred years old, and do not receive a newspaper that is not two weeks behind the times.

The amendment was adopted by a vote of 79 ayes to 41 nays. Mr. Watson introduced his amendment to experiment in the free rural delivery service, carrying $10,000 for this purpose, less than ten years ago, which, from the best information I have been able to obtain, carried the first appropriation ever made by Congress for rural free delivery.

Mr. Wanamaker had tried what he called free delivery in towns and villages, but the experiment had not been made for free delivery of country mails. Who would have thought that the good work begun by this distinguished Georgian ten years ago would have grown to such magnitude in so short a period of time? When this amendment was introduced the public mind had not grasped the importance of this subject, and few comprehended the great good that would flow from this humble beginning in so short a period.

In 1897 the appropriation grew to $40,000, and only 44 routes were in operation. In 1898 the appropriation was increased to $50,000, and 148 routes were established. In 1899, the appropriation was increased to $150,000, and the routes had grown to 391. In 1900, $450,000 was appropriated for this purpose, and the number of routes increased to 1,276. In 1901, $1,750,000 was appropriated, and the routes had increased to 4,301. And in 1902, $3,993,740 was appropriated for the same purpose, and the routes laid off and put in operation had increased to 8,476.

On November 1, 11,650 routes had been established, and the carriers engaged in taking the mails to the farmers travelled 275,000 miles of country roads to serve about 7,000,000 of the strictly rural population of the United States. The area covered by these routes is fully 300,000 square miles. The popular demand for further extension of this service has been so great as to force Congress to appropriate $12,000,000 during the present session to further extend this service. There is no reason to expect a decrease in this popular demand for rural free delivery until all available sections of the country have been covered by the service.

Wherever this service has been established there has been a sturdy and healthy increase in the gross receipts of the post-offices in the locality in which free delivery has been put in operation, and there has also been large increase in the revenues, and in all probability when the system is thoroughly established the in-

creased receipts will more than meet the increased expenditures.

The popular demand and the marvelous growth of this great work demonstrate that the farmers are benefitted by the service. On July 1, 1901, 4,301 free-delivery routes were in operation, and during the year 4,165 routes were established, an average of 347 a month. The service practically doubled in twelve months. On July 1, 1901, 10,243 petitions had been filed with the Post-Office Department asking for free rural delivery routes. During the year 1902, 12,403 additional petitions were filed.

Thus it will be seen that the number of petitions received during this last year exceeded by over 2,000 the total number filed heretofore. This is the highest evidence of the increasing popularity of rural free delivery and shows a universal desire from the people for the completion of the service throughout the country. The report of the Postmaster-General shows that from the beginning the demand for the service has far exceeded the ability of the Department to establish it, and that since July 1, 1902, about 2,400 petitions have been received—about 600 per month. The demands are growing every day for the completion of the service.

The Postmaster-General informs us that the requests for this service are usually accompanied by the expressed expectation of the petitioners that the routes will be established at once. Nothing short of immediate action by the Department satisfies them. They know their neighbors are enjoying the service, and can not understand why it is not extended to them at once. He further tells us in his report that every part of the country is clamorous for this service; and from those sections where the least interest was formally manifested, and the people, from a lack of proper understanding of the matter, seemed loath to accept the benefits of free rural delivery, and were even antagonistic to it, the demands for the service and importunity for prompt action are now perhaps the greatest.

Well has the Postmaster-General said that free rural delivery is no longer in the experimental stage, but has become an established fact. Experiments thus far made have been most satisfactory, and its adoption as a permanent feature of postal administration is assured. Reports show conclusively that the value of isolated farms have been enhanced because of the service. Farmers have been brought in close touch with the markets by receiving their mails daily.

The social and educational benefits conferred by the mail being brought daily to the farmer's home are incalculable. The city and the country are brought into close connection and the farmer is somewhat relieved from the monotony of rural life and given an equal opportunity to keep abreast with his neighbors in the city.

It has been estimated that the territory of the United States available for rural free delivery embraces about a million square miles, or about one-third of the country's area, including Alaska. The routes now in operation cover a little more than 300,000 square miles, so that almost one-third of the available territory has already been provided with the service. Within the next three years the service can be completed, and there should be no halt in this work, for the people are demanding it with earnestness, and the sooner the service is completed the more quickly will the effect of its influence be felt upon the postal revenue.

Should the extension of the service hereafter be made at the rate of 12,000 routes per year until it becomes universal within the next three years the work will be completed. Then nearly 20,000,000 farmers who heretofore have been given little opportunity to enjoy the benefits of daily mail facilities will receive their mails daily and country life will be relieved of isolation, and the farmer will be put upon an equal footing with his city neighbor.

The farmer will receive more direct benefit from the $24,000,000 annually appropriated to carry on the system after completed than he has received heretofore from the vast sums appropriated annually to defray the expenses of the Government. Country life will become more attractive, the farmers will keep in daily touch with the events of importance transpiring, daily newspapers will find their way into the country homes, all classes will be brought into close touch with each other, the farmer will be quick to avail himself of every opportunity to improve his condition, to take advantage of the new and improved methods of the cultivation of the farm, to make home life interesting and attractive, and such methods will tend to make our sons contented with rural farm life. Mr. Jefferson said:

> The cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country and wedded to its liberty and interests by the most lasting bonds.

The distinguished Georgian who introduced the first resolution, which was adopted, providing for an appropriation of $10,000 to experiment looking forward to this great work, had spent his boyhood days upon a farm; he knew the disadvantages under which the farmer labored in regard to his mail facilities.

He not only knew of the disadvantages under which the farmer labored, but sought most diligently to inaugurate a system that would bring the farmer the relief he so much sought and deserved. The amendment, though small, was bitterly opposed, and at one time was likely to meet

with defeat, but through the energy and well-directed efforts of the author, it was finally adopted. Thus was laid the foundation for the great work, which will, when completed, be the greatest blessing the American farmer has ever received at the hands of Congress from the public Treasury. It is a source of gratification to me, and to the people of Georgia, to give proper credit to this distinguished Georgian for the work he performed.

Mr. BACON. Mr. President, I wish to say a word in reference to the presentation which has been made by my colleague on the origin and authorship, if I may so term it, of the free rural delivery system. I am very much gratified that my colleague has brought forward and had reinserted in the Record the history, of the origin and authorship of this important part of the postal system. It is true that in all great discoveries and inventions and reforms in the beginning they are, in the public estimation, comparatively insignificant and their importance is not then appreciated, and so while it is true that this narrative was already in the **Congressional Record**, yet at the time of the occurrence there was not an appreciation of the very great importance of the inauguration of this which has already developed into such magnitude and. which promises so much for this country.

When there have been developments in these great discoveries, inventions, and reforms, after they have become the agents for great growth and development, after they have become interwoven in the business and life of the country, then it is a matter of great importance to know who it was that originated them. Hence I think it is a matter of justice to Mr. Watson that there should be now, in this day of its development and success, the recognition of the fact that the first appropriation ever made for the purpose of inaugurating the free delivery of mail in the rural districts was inserted in the House of Representatives upon the motion of this distinguished Georgian in the year 1893. It is due to him that this honor should be accorded to him, and for all time it will be to him an enduring honor.

A Little Lesson in Consistency

IN the year 1891, I wrote out the declaration of purposes which you will find below. It was mailed out from Atlanta, as a circular letter, to a large number of people.

Here it is:

"PEOPLE'S PARTY PAPER,
119½ Whitehall St.,
"Atlanta, Ga.

"Dear Sir: I beg to call your attention to the People's Party Paper, of Atlanta, Ga. As its Editor-in-Chief, I respectfully ask your help in getting it circulated. Its purpose is to educate our people upon governmental questions; to assail official corruption; to oppose class-rule, legislative favoritism, and the centralizing tendencies manifest in both old parties.

"In advocating the Jeffersonian theory of popular government, the paper will be fearless and persistent.

"Its high purpose is to become the champion of the common people—their grievances, their hopes, their rights.

"In this good work, I invoke your aid.

"Respectfully, THOS. E. WATSON,
"Pres. P. P. Co."

"Terms, $1.00 per year. Address, 119½ Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga."

The paper thus heralded battled at the forefront during the hot fights of the Nineties, and reached a circulation of 23,000. In 1896, the National Populist Executive Committee, greatly concerned for my "dignity," as one of the two caudal appendages to W. J. Bryan's presidential kite, ordered me to quit writing for the papers, including my own. Sacrificing my own opinion in the premises, I obeyed, and the *"People's Party Paper"* began to go down. Fusion and the Spanish War gave it the finishing blows. It had gone into the ownership of a joint-stock company, anyway; and I was not financially able to keep it going at a loss. Besides, the lady-manager had come under influences that were hostile to me, and I could not afford to have any row with her. It seemed best to quietly step

out, and I did so. My losses—not to put any value on my labor—had amounted to about $8,000, as I remember.

Then I went back to the practise of law, and to the writing of books.

Then, came Bryan's astonishing capitulation to Parker and the Gold Standard. The Free Silver men called for me to lead them, and I did the best that was possible. Had Bryan kept his hands off and his mouth shut, I would have polled the entire Free Silver vote, and defeated Roosevelt. Nobody knows this better than T. R. himself.

Bryan's selfishness ruined everything, just as it did in 1896 and in 1900, and in 1908.

Governor Johnston, of Minnesota, could have beaten Taft; and Folk could have out-run McKinley in 1900.

But it is not my aim to prate over spilt milk: it is to let you know what my principles and purposes were, *twenty years ago*. And to ask you to kindly compare the declaration of 1891 with what I'm doing at the present; and what I've been doing in books, pamphlets, editorials, speeches, votes, letters and private talks all these intervening years.

Do so, and you will learn why Old Mister Peepul loves me. Do so, and you will perceive the reason why scurvy, time-serving politicians hate me; and why the privilege - seeking corporations dread and detest me.

Weary of the struggle? Tired of the fight?

Not a bit. Am just getting my hand in.

And, moreover, I am just beginning to come into my own.

People who have honestly misunderstood me, are finding out their mistake.

The Tariff Board Unconstitutional

BY profession, Mr. Taft is a lawyer. It is supposable, that he has read the Constitution of his country.

Yet there are two important, and patently, apparent things that he doesn't seem to know, although they are perfectly well known to every constitutional lawyer.

(1) It is the *duty* of U. S. Senators to advise him *as* to presidential patronage: the members of the lower House haven't a blessed thing to do with it.

(2) It is not competent for Congress to *delegate the power to tax.*

It is a fundamental principle, as old as the hills, that a delegated power cannot be delegated, without the expressed consent of those who originally delegated the power.

Now, the States delegated to Congress the power to impose taxes: that power cannot be legally delegated to a Board, or to any other body, without the formal consent of the 47 States of this Union.

The Song of the Printing-Press

(Explanatory Note: The sight of big machinery in motion exerts a fascination over most of us. The wonderful work of it, and the organized *power* of it, thrill one, through and through.

When our immense Babcock Press was put together (it has more than 9,000 separate parts) and the electric connection was made, the roar and rhythm of it was something altogether new to my experience. I listened, enthralled. Then the history of printing flashed across me; and I recalled the almost numberless ways and degrees in which the type-set word affects humanity.

Then and there, the conception of the following piece of blank-verse occurred to me.

At first I had no idea of giving it the present form; but when, after several days of occasional reflection on the subject, I came to write it out, *the words of themselves took the metre, which is a verbal reproduction of the sound of our big press.*

If one should recite the poem, while the machine is at work, he would find that the long line of nine syllables, follows exactly the length of the long stroke of the levers, while the short line, of seven syllables, corresponds with the second and shorter roar of the press.

I repeat, the adoption of this peculiar rhythm was due to the fact that the song of the machine had fixed itself in my head: I unconsciously transferred it to the poem. No other poem has that peculiar lilt, and the swing of it was due to the *sub-conscious* action of the brain. Many a time you do a thing *involuntarily:* sometimes you do and say things that you can't recollect: in such cases it is the *sub-conscious* intelligence which guides. We all have it; but, in some, it acts oftener and does more, than in others.

Of course, you will understand that in the "Song of the Printing-press," the reference is to *the work* done by the machine, rather than to the machine itself. T. E. W.)

My voice is the roar of the thunder:
  My force is that of the storm.
I stop not because it is winter;
  I reck not the Summer's sun.
My feet are the tireless plodders;
  My hands, they never are still.
I run, I run with my message;
  I go, I go with my creed.
I fly on the wings of the morning:
  I fly on the wings of night.

Of all the great teachers I'm chiefest;
  Of all the great sowers, the lord.
I leap to the front, in the battle;
  I cover the rear, in retreat:
I'm the sapper, undermining foundations;
  I fight in the open field.
I'm the cloud-guide that leads in the daytime;
  The pillar of fire at night.

I'm loved by the Lovers of learning;
  I'm feared by lawless and bad:
I'm courted by men of ambition
  The vain, they flatter and feed,
Philanthropy leans on my shoulders,
  Diplomats tell me their lies.
The populace sees the mere surface—
  I enter behind the scenes.
I'm the hope of a weary people,
  I'm the mouthpiece of their woe.

I'm the Friend of the friendless and wretched:
  I'm the foe of oppression and sin.
I gaze in the sun, like the eagle;
  Like Ajax, the lightnings, dare.
My home is the millionaire's palace;
  My home is the laborer's cot.
My home is in town and in country;
  My home, it floats over the wave:
My home is the house of the happy:
  My home is the house of despair.

An angel, I visit affliction;
  A devil, I crush the weak.
A hero, I strike for the Righteous,

Traitor! I strike for the Wrong.
I'm honest, and care not for riches;
Venal, I serve for a price.
A patriot, I lead the State upward;
Corrupted, I drag the State down.
Virtuous, the ground yields its harvest:
Vicious, I sow dragon's teeth.

I'm the source of innocent laughter:
I'm the source of scalding tears.
I sing—and the lowly are lifted:
I sing—the great are brought low.
I sing—and the temple is shaken:
I sing—the throne topples down.
I sing—and Freedom is victor,
I sing—and Liberty dies.

I'm the steed of the poet, and on me
He rides his way into fame.
The scholar, mounting my chariot,
Ascends to the skies of renown.
The orator's silvery trumpet,
The statesman's golden horn:
I'm the bearer of good tidings:
I'm the messenger of grief.
I'm the voice of peace and progress;
Or the herald of war and waste.

I rise to the heights of the Heavens:
I sink to the depths of Hell.
I feast, at times, on the living;
I sometimes prey on the dead.
To wounds, I'm the balm of Gilead,
Or, streams of molten lead.
Sometimes I'm as pure as a Vestal,
Am sometimes foul as the pit.
Sometimes as brave as a Bayard,
Am sometimes pallid Fear.
Of learning, the winged Mercury:
Am often its tireless foe.
I would free the brain of the fettered,
Would ope the door of the mind:
But I serve Superstition as truly:
And aid enslavers of thought.
At my best, I'm the Hope of the Future:
At my worst, the people's Dread.

I'm the weaver who throws the far shuttle,
As the life-loom weaves the cloth:
I speed the web backward and forward,
A golden strand in the woof.
I'm the watchman upon the high tower;
Preserver of archives, am I.
I'm the pearl-diver bringing up riches;
I'm the prodigal, wasting gems.
I'm the feeder of swine and a swine-herd:
A guest, in the houses of kings.
I warn and I teach and I frighten
The erring, the dull and the vile.

I'm the pilot that weathers the tempest—
The sail that is never furled.
I'm the keel that plows all the waters:
I'm the flag that ever waves.
I'm the light-house, off the breakers:
I'm the flash-light of the ship.
I'm the grey-hound of the ocean,
I'm the war-ship of the main.
I'm the dove that flies with the olive:
I'm the war-trump, hoarse and loud.
I'm the builder of new institutions,
I tear down those that are old.
I sing of the heroes living, and
I sing of those who are dead.
I'm the Prophet of the Future and
Historian of the Past.

My voice is the echo of thunder:
My strength is that of the storm.
I'm Life, in its myriad motion:
I'm of the world to the end.
My song will be hushed in the awful
Blast of the arch-angel's trump.

Oh! think of the wonderful record!
Think of the changes I wrought!
More enduring than brass are the tablets
That tell of the mighty work.
The world was asleep, and I woke it;
The mind was in chains—I freed.
The world was in darkness and terror,—
I lit the torch that illumes.
With me, marched the legions of learning;
With me, the fearless and true.
With me, marched the soldiers of freedom:
With me, the lovers of men.

The world was acrouch to the Feudal;
Mankind, in awe of the Priest:
The chain of the lord was on body,
The cowl of the monk, on brain.
The peasant, in fear of the castle,
Gave humble neck to the yoke:
The peasant, in fear of the Temple,
Gave humble lips to the creed.
Ah, the red wine of battle was drunken!
Ah, the war was hard and long.
But the tips of our lances, advancing,
At last, caught the light of dawn.

The sword, it is great, but remember
My ally's, the deathless pen.
The Thinker, he traces the border,
And the warrior fights, **within.**
No farther flashes the falchion
Than the pen has drawn the line.
No Armada covers the ocean, to conquest,
No army enters the field,
Till I and my ally have thundered
And shaken the souls of men.
We open the Temple of Janus:
We say when the doors must close:
We hand down the story of valor,
Awarding the victor his crown.

"Le roy est mort—vive le roy!" is never
The cry that is made for me.
My diadem passes to no other,
My sceptre is ever mine.
For aye! For aye! my dominion,
Is the fixed star of the sky.
I throb and I thrill with my power,
I glory in all my strength.

Yesteryear had snow-drifts and roses:
Yesteryear had thrones that are gone:
Yesteryear had the cloud and the dew-drop:
Yesteryear, the poppy and rue.
But Fate had no power to hurt me,

Like laws of Nature, I lived.
Like the brooklet, I go on forever,
Though men may come and may go.

My voice is the roaring of thunder,
My force is that of the storm.
I shall last out the whole of Time's journey
I shall die at the death of the world.

Fill the cup, fill the chalice with nectar,
Let the red wine brimming foam.
Let us drink to the glories of Effort,
Quaff to the gladness of Toil.
Let us honor the man of the overall,
And toast the man of the pen.
Let us drink to the cause of the lowly,
Let us drink to the good and true.
Here's hoping humanity prospers;
Here's hoping the sobs will hush,
Here's hoping that kindness will conquer;
Here's hoping that justice wins,
Here's hoping the cruel will perish:
Here's hoping the pure increase.
Here's hoping that sunshine and shadow,
May be as we'd have them be.

All hail! all hail, thou uncertain,
Inevitable, merciless Fate.
All hail! all hail! coming Future,
We fear not the face of thee.
Our feet, they are shod for the journey,
Our hearts feel nothing of fear.

We shall strike, for the faith of the Fathers;
We shall strike, for God and Right,
We shall march, like an army with banners.
We shall fight for home and creed,
And whatever fate may betide us
We shall meet as becometh men.
Who's afraid of Death and hereafter
That has lived as heroes should?

My voice is reverberant thunder,
My race is that of the storm.
I'm the argosy, sailing forever,
I'm the army that never disbands.
I'm the fortress that never is taken;
I'm the tale that is never told.
I'm the tempest that never is ended
The cloud that never returns,
I'm the sentry that never has slumbered,
The courier that always rides.
I'm the petrel that never is resting,
The steed that never is spent.
I'm the quarry that never is grounded,
The hunter that winds no Recall.

I'm the ocean that mirrors the heavens,
The sea that Intellect sails.
What the wild waves are saying and singing,
Is the song that I sing unto you.
And my voice, it reminds you of thunder,
My rush being that of the storm.

The Story of Some Photographs

THOMAS DEQUINCEY was perhaps the most thorough student and profound thinker of all the British Essayists.

Macaulay was far inferior to the eccentric little scholar, who talked so well and so musically as to win the compliment of a Carlylean sneer.

Macaulay "skimmed;" and then wrote, with more reference to antithesis of style and to dramatic effect, than to *truth*.

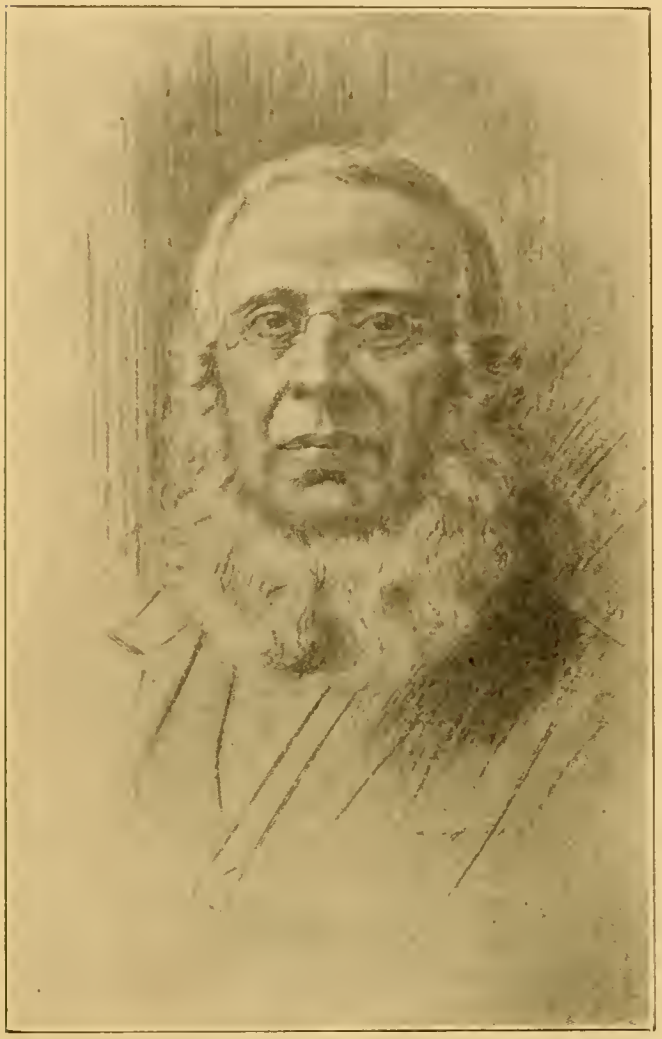
DeQuincey went to the very bottom of his subject, exhausted the literature of it, and *then* pronounced the candid conclusion of an upright judge.

The whole of Macaulay's much-vaunted "Works," are not worth DeQuincey's essay on Joan of Arc. That is a marvellous bit of composition—a prose poem of matchless verity and splendor!

The little man had the queerest habit of "snowing up" his studio. When concentrating on a subject, he would lug into his room every book, pamphlet or parchment bearing upon it. The tables, the chairs, the floor would be littered with his accumulating collections. Forgetful of everything save that which preoccupied him, he would tear out of books that portion of the contents which bore upon the topic under in-

vestigation. In this way, he ruined hundreds of volumes which belonged to libraries not his own.

Heaping up books, pamphlets,



Peter Cooper, Founder of the Progressive League

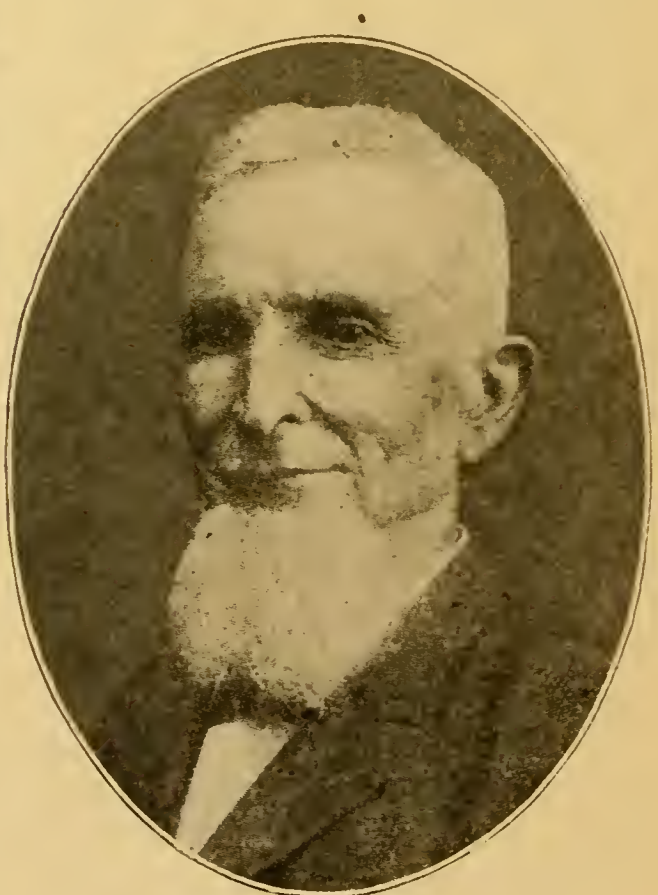
odd chapters, masses of clippings, he would soon have his work-room so encumbered that there would be no clear space left, excepting a path which led to his chair. When he would, at last, write out his essay, he would lock the door, and leave everything as it was. At his death, his daughters and literary executors found half-a-dozen of these snowed-up studios!

While I am not quite that peculiar in my ways of working, all sorts of flotsam and jetsam collect about me; and my study is the joke and the despair of the household. Every now and then, I spur myself into "taking stock." That is, I turn over the piles of accumulated stuff, to see what I've got, and to refresh my recollection as to where it is.

Very recently the impulse for doing this carried me—among other things—through a pile of pictures that have been resting on the mantel, some of them for many years.

It occurred to me that you might find interest in some of them; and, therefore, a few will be reproduced for your benefit.

First, we will put before you the face of Peter Cooper; and a very noble face, you will pronounce it. He, you know, was the rich philanthropist of New York, who founded the Cooper Union Institute, in



John Seitz, of Ohio

which so many poor people have sought and found knowledge. Likewise, he was the leader of the Greenback movement of the Seventies.

Populism was a revival of Greenbackism, just as Insurgency is a resurrection of Populism.

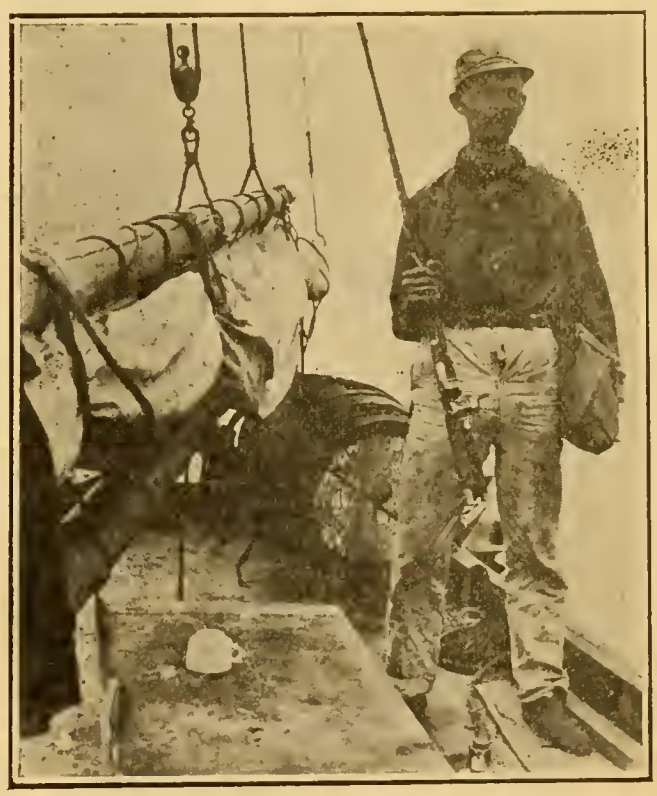
The Progressive League, which is certain to control the Republican party, owes its existence to the

Charles Freyer

Peter Cooper propaganda. To the same source can be traced the People's movement within the Democratic party of the South. *Thus, you see, Peter Cooper was the greatest man of his era.*

It often happens that the generation in which the mental and moral giant labors, cannot measure his grandeur.

Next, we present the likeness of one of the bravest and truest old fighters that ever went to war in the cause of true democracy. It is John Seitz, of Ohio. He served his State well in the legislature, and did a vast amount of the seed-sowing where Insurgency now reaps. He has lived to see our principles rule



Charles Freyer, on the Gulf of Mexico

public opinion throughout the Union.

Who is this smiling fisherman, holding his catch and challenging the admiration of mankind? Who should it be, but my old friend, Charles Freyer Not that *he* is old—*the friendship* is. Nearly everybody knows him. He goes around selling pianos, organs, angeluses, symphonies, accordeons, flutes, flageolettes, piccolos, drums, fiddles, banjos, haut-boys, bugles, cornets, jews-

harps, trombones, violincellos, mouth-harps, bag--pipes, kettle-drums, sheet-music, chin-music, new anecdotes, old saws, modern in-

Grand-son of Jacob Coxey

stances, and various and sundry other similar and same and such —including graphophones, laughophones, talkophones, singaphones, wailophones, howlophones, and a whole lot of other assorted, selected and assimilated wares and commodities, carefully calculated to make a more or less pleasing noise in this Morganized, Guggenheimed, Robafellered, Elberthubbarded, Ballingered, Wickershamed, dad-fetch-it world.

Here's another picture of Charley, taken 22 miles out on the Gulf of Mexico, snapshotted, evidently before he had brought to a happy termination the negotiations with the man from whom he bought those big fish. This *last* is meant to be a mild joke.

Now let us proceed with our moving-picture show:

What little boy is this? Fine looking chap, isn't he?

Why, that is the son of Carle Browne, the Lieutenant of the famous Coxey Army.

Perhaps you remember what distress the working-classes were in when Cleveland was President, the second time. That administration was the rottenest we have ever had,

J. A. Ross, of Sioux Falls, S. D.

since those which followed Lincoln. Jacob Coxey, of Ohio, collected a number of the unemployed, and marched on Washington, for the purpose of demanding work for the

idle, and redress of wrongs. There was nothing illegal done or intended. Coxey meant to read an address and make an appeal, from

Georgia Doremus Watson

the steps of the Capitol. He had a perfect right to do so. The building is as much his, as it is anybody's. But the authorities, fearing the effect of his carrying out his plans, had the police break up his Army. This was done by arresting his men, *for getting on the grass,* of the park surrounding the Capitol!

With the Army had ridden Legal Tender Coxey, the General's daughter. She and Carle Browne—a fine-looking, stalwart, and good-hearted man—"fell in love" and were married.

The lad, Delbert Ammerman Browne, is, therefore, the grand-son of the leader of "Coxey's Army."

Next, comes J. A. Ross, who made a splendid fight against the Boss of Sioux Falls, S. D. He conducted, in his State, the same sort of campaign that Claude L'Engle made, and is still making, in Florida. But Ross found the machine too strongly intrenched, and he was finally forced to suspend his paper. How many a patriot has had this heart-breaking experience! I sincerely hope that Ross will *rise and come again,* as L'Engle did.

Did you ever rest your eye on a sweeter countenance than that of the little girl, who is clasping her knee with her hand?

Well, that's one of my little grand-daughters, Georgia Doremus Watson.

To preserve peace in the family, the other grand-daughter is also shown. By the way, you never saw

Georgia Watson Lee

a prettier picture than is made by these little girls when one of them, Georgia Lee, sits down by her cousin, and tells her the stories that

grand-daughter Lee has learned from her mother and grand-mother.

And, while I'm at it, you might as well be shown the picture of "Miss

"Miss Georgia," whom everyone loves

Georgia," *alias* Mrs. Watson. No photograph could do justice to her rosy, amiable face, or to her glorious violet eyes. Men who have no use for me, unreservedly admire my wife.

Friends of mine, travelling in foreign lands, frequently remember me, and send me post-card pictures. For example, we have here, the Chateau de Malmaison, which Napoleon gave to Josephine. Some of his happiest hours were passed at this suburban villa. After his day's work was done, he would join the ladies and give himself up to social pleasure and relaxation. He would take part in the games and plays, including "Blind man's buff." He had the faculty to invent ghost stories and in the gloom of deepening twilight, he often told these to young people—delighting in the terror the story excited.

I am sorry to say that he found amusement, when idle, in shooting, out of the window, at the little birds that flitted about in the park. This caused the tender-hearted Josephine the greatest distress. Fortunately, Napoleon was the worst shot in the world, and his marksmanship made experts want to weep. If ever he slew one of those songsters, it was an unavoidable accident.

One day, the Great Man undertook to act as driver of his coach and four. Ran into the gate-post, was pitched a dozen feet and lay on the ground, senseless. Afterwards, he let the coachman do the driving.

As an evidence of his tastes, consider the fact that he often remarked that the most pleasing of all sights to him, was a pretty young woman, dressed in white, walking on the grass underneath the green trees.

You remember that Josephine

Malmaison, where Josphine resided

passed away, during Napoleon's stay at Elba. Upon his return, he found time, before setting out on his last campaign, to visit Malmaison.

It was then the residence of Hortense. As he met her, Napoleon reproached her for having accepted favors from the Allies—the banded Kings—and then asked to be shown the room where his first wife had breathed her last.

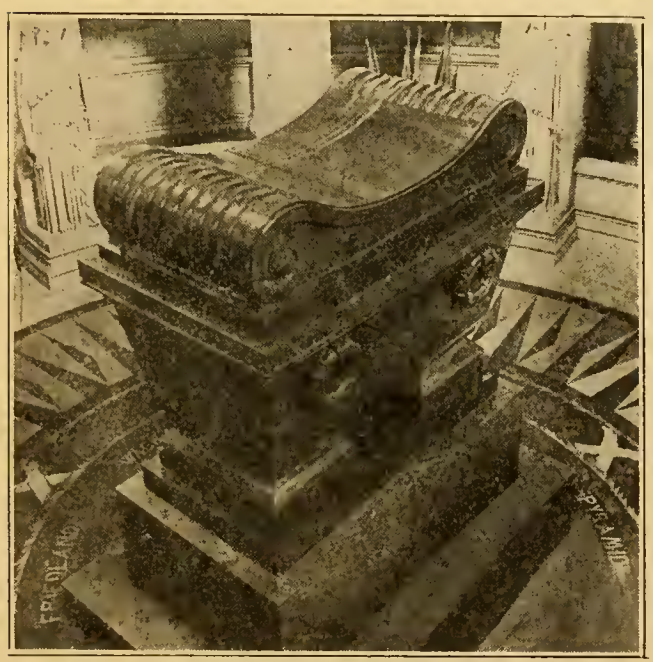
At the door, he said to Hortense—

"I would be alone." He went in, closing the door behind him. He remained there a long time. When at length he reappeared, his face wore an expression of the deepest sadness; and his eyes showed that he had been crying.

Just human you see, like you and me.

* * * * *

One of the post-cards shows the



Napoleon's Tomb

room and the bed in which Josephine died.

Another card, shows Napoleon's tomb, the spot that attracts more people and which draws more feet toward it, than any other Mecca on earth.

The next picture will be that of one of my numerous namesakes, in

Room where Josephine died

the arms of its mother. It is certainly a very pure, tender and high compliment, when good people name their off-spring for you. The face of the mother is one of refinement and intelligence; and that of

A namesake, with his mother

the child reflects it. The lady, Ida M. Roberts, is the daughter of John H. Butler, of Monroe county, Georgia; and the name of the babe is Thomas Watson Roberts.

(By the way, "Thomas" persists in the clan Watson, as "John" does, in the tribes of Jones and Smith. Looking over some old authorities, the other day, I discovered that a Thomas Watson was the friend of Captain John Smith, a member of the original Jamestown settlers, and one of the original historians of the Virginia colony. The name "Wat" is as old as the Saxon race, the "son" being added—as the "O" is to "Neal," the "Fitz" to Patrick, and the "Mac" to Pherson or Gregor—to denote parentage.)

As a companion picture, gaze on this, of Martin Baum and his little

Martin Baum and his son, of Washington, D. C.

boy, Carter. They reside in Washington City, and are great friends at a distance.

A remarkable group, the six Hill brothers

It will be remembered that the Hill family held a reunion last summer in their old home neighborhood, and that Mr. Watson, at their invitation, dropped everything and went over to deliver a short address,

The Story of Rescue of a Literature

John Witherspoon DuBose

(Author of Life and Times of Yancey; Life and Times of Governor Samford; Gen. Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee, etc., etc.)

A DOZEN years ago, there was no parallel to this story. While the genius of commercialism seems to be enthroned over the mind and heart of the generation, and Socialism rises to claim for itself the part and function of evolved remedy, a pure and genuine literature suddenly throws its beams through the mist of chimerus dire, to try conclusions.

Whatever letters may be worth to the consciousness of organized society, the literature here discussed, recent as is its discovery, must be allowed an essential factor in the estimate.

It is proposed, because of the well-known anxiety of students of American history for expansion of resources of that cult, to relate somewhat of an example of personal attainment which, thus early in its place has ripened, North and South, into a pronounced adaptation.

The mere circumstance, that a young Southern born man, bred on a farm, should go to the great Northern city, without friends there, without money, yet prosper, even exceedingly, is not worthy of this place on the printed page. But when that young man rises to the situation, where he sees the pending sacrifice of the spirit and substance of his native land on the altar of Moloch, and pledges a way of rescue, at his own hands, he becomes the hero, born in time.

Within the last score of years Walter Neale, a Virginian, hardly yet in the prime of life, has published, in New York, more standard works of Southern history than all other publishers of the world combined. He has, withal, written with his own hand historical works of the class of text books. Captains of industry, commanders of armed men, on land and sea, statesmen, philosophers, poets, and inventors we justly demand knowledge of by the printed volume of their lives. It is meet and proper that we shall know somewhat of him who educates the civilized world in knowledge of the South as none before him has dared to do.

Southern literature must be correlated to the ascertained character of the South. The compact of 1787 is less a fact of compromise, entered into by sovereign states—"nations," Mr. Neale denominates them—to promote the general welfare, than between the puritan section, and the Cavalier. The surviving principle of State sovereignty, in the Federal government, has been asserted alternately, from the beginning, as the weapon to protect the Puritan section and the Cavalier, each, from ascendancy over the other. The Cavalier ideals were broader, the Cavalier spirit more virile. In normal competition, the Cavalier section prevailed. The South governed the Union.

Time passed. European immigration, of different character from the earlier settlers of American soil, came to it by scores of millions. The sword and the purse of the government united, and millions of unlettered Africans, without a native tongue, were brought forward to pronounce upon the most beautiful and complex form of government ever wrought out by the brain of man.

Vespasian drove in triumph through the thronged and shouting streets of Rome, followed by noble Jews in chains. Even at that hour the great school of Jabne reopened its doors in the conquered city of Jehovah. Jewish youths began to learn anew the history of Jewry. From the school came "penmen" to publish the story abroad. After

the school had done its work, the Jews made their most glorious defence of Jerusalem against Rome.

We may not forecast the full effect of the inspiration of the Virginian lad, who consecrated himself to the task of setting up, in the waste places of American history, a successor to the school of Jabne. The act has been accomplished. The eternal years of truth await the fruit. I am not writing in advertisement of trade. I am pointing joyfully to the silver thread upon which hangs the noblest motive of endeavor now, in this generation, which appears competent to vindicate the South. Walter Neale has made secure the future influence of the South in the United States —by challenging the whole world to look upon us.

Walter Neale was born in Northern Virginia, in the year 1873. He was born to an early ambition and to the consciousness of power. High ambition and conscious power come often to the man with a grandfather. Two centuries before the Norman conqueror put foot on English soil, Mr. Neale's ancestors were nobles there. His maternal blood is of the Bowdoin line of French nobility. For one of these Bowdoin College is named. Bowdoin was the maiden name of Mr. Neale's Virginian grandmother. Francis Hopkinson, one of his ancestors, signed the Declaration of Independence; Joseph Hopkinson, of the same blood, was the author of "Hail, Columbia!" Through the long strain of this blood, individuals have been devotees of the fine arts, music and literature.

The family of Mr. Neale have been active factors in the social and the political life of the part of Virginia in which they lived, from the early colonial period. He was at college, at the age of seventeen, when his father died, suddenly. There seemed to be no bank account left by him. But he owed no man. The family that was left to the college student for support and advice comprised an invalid mother, six sisters, and a brother much younger than himself. The studies of the school were not abandoned, but the management of the farm was taken up by him.

Neale had matured a purpose aforetime, and this was to become a great publisher and a great writer. In the year 1892, at nineteen, he went to Washington City to begin life's work With him went the whole family—a resolute, confident family, each able and ready to take a share in the venture.

The young man's path was straight. He immediately entered upon his life work. The first year of his labor as writer brought something like $5.000 to him. The family maintained a comfortable home. He held before him, without shadow of turning, the two goals, early fixed—the fortune of a great publisher and the fame of letters. He labored and studied assiduously. He took up the elemental law books and learned enough to qualify him for admission to the bar. He read of science and philosophy deeply. Studying Spencer, he even entered the dissecting room of a medical class daily that he might study Spencer more thoroughly.

At the age of twenty-four, Mr. Neale married Margaret Ellen Stuart, two years younger than he. In the young wife was blended the blood of four eminent families of South Carolina, the Stuarts, the Rhetts, the Barnwells, and the Thomsons. Thereafter he maintained two houses—that of his mother, as before, and his own.

When he was twenty-five years old the Neale Publishing Company was organized in Washington, Walter Neale, president and controlling spirit.

Subscriptions to the stock, by charter members, reached only a small sum. There was but one manager, and he the president. If the house should survive, it must excite a competition; and competitors, in most cases, were operating with half a million ready capital or more, with a full staff of editors and business agents on high salaries.

The task was to create a publishing

house. None was behind the project, with matured purpose, save this young man, without capital sufficient to pay operating expenses for a single month. At once the truth loomed up that $1,500 must be paid for the month's expenses. Upon further accounting, it was seen that necessary advertising and traveling expenses would swell the sum to $2,000. Houses in competition, as old as the government itself, stood by. The fight with fortune was. But it was hard-drawn out.

It is far from a thing unimportant, to trace the struggle of this high resolve, to rescue Southern literature. Mr. Neale weighed all conditions, then fixed his course, irrevocably. He planned with deliberation to become a sensate, active factor of the enlightened world about him, that all men who would, should find in him a business partner. Annually, at a predetermined season, he boarded the cars and traveled in remote places. He traveled with leisure, never in haste. He heard with attention and saw with profit. All kind of men were companions to him. Sir Walter Scott never talked with one so humble and so uninteresting to the average man that he failed to learn something. So with this embryo publisher.

The welcome news' spread rapidly, that Southern writers had found a publisher. The publisher went among them, sought them out and found them. Still in pursuit of a fixed purpose, Mr. Neale made himself a recognized factor in the society where he lived. He published some books, without compensation, that he knew would not sell; he published articles relating to public affairs without compensation; he gave valuable works of art to public institutions. The publisher's obligations to society perhaps has not been more seriously considered than by him.

In all this time, examples were not wanting to prove the uncertainty of the project to publish the literature of the South, or literature favorable to the truth of Southern conditions. The English historian, Percy Grey, wrote a history of the United States of admirable literary interest. The plan included a philosophical, and generally correct, account of the genesis and the life of the Southern Confederacy. Gen. Wade Hampton wrote for it introductory pages, congratulating the South and the cause of the South. An epitome of the book might well be used as text in public schools; but very few individuals ever heard of it. The book needed the publisher's facilities of marketing.

The Neale Publishing Company evidently stands, toward the book publishing business in the world at large, in the attitude of an independent. To illustrate, Mr. Neale's house knows neither race nor creed. A distinguished author carried his manuscrip to numerous houses in Europe and in America without success. The manuscript criticised publishing houses and their authors. The Neale house published it. An eminent Russian diplomat selects the house of Neale to produce his intimate account of Japan at the time that books of the kind were not popular in this country. Even a negro found that he could present his side of the race question through the house that was devoted to the production of books by the leading men and women of the South.

My own reading of the books from the Neale house has been ample enough to suggest that selections may be made from the list to cover more of the history of the Southern Confederacy than is practicable to be reached otherwise. To mention briefly a few of these books, letting their titles and their authors suggest their importance: "Morgan's Cavalry," by Gen. Basil Duke; "Hood's Texas Brigade," by Judge J. B. Polley; "Three Years in the Confederate Horse Artillery," by George M. Neese, of Chew's Battery; "Confederate Operations in Canada and New York," by

Capt. John W. Headley; "Cleburne and His Command," by Irving A. Buck, his adjutant general; "Mosby's Men," by John H. Alexander, of Mosby's command; "Recollections of a Naval Life," by Capt. John McIntosh Kell, executive officer of the *Sumter* and the *Alabama;* "A True Story of Andersonville Prison," by Lieut. Page, a Union officer confined there, who shows that Wirz was a hero, not a subject for the hangman's noose; "Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer," by Gen. G. Moxley Sorrel; "Four Years Under Marse Robert," by Major Robert Stiles, of the Richmond Howitzers; "The Life and Services of John Newland Maffit," by his wife, a thoroughly adequate biography of this distinguished naval officer. I might continue the list over the scores of books equally as important that constitute a great history of the Confederacy. One other must have mention: "The Life of John M. Mason," United States Senator and Confederate States diplomat in Europe.

It is not the purpose of this paper to refer in detail to the important work that this house has accomplished in the letters of the world aside from the South's part therein. Probably the Neale output of books, distinctly Southern, does not amount to more than half of those that are published by this house. I did not intend to refer to any of the books, other than those that relate to the history of the Southern Confederacy, but I yield to the temptation to mention a few of those that otherwise affect Southern literature. Here nearly all the great Southern poets have found the means of expression. There are various studies in Southern poetry, such as "A Study in Southern Poetry," by Prof. Henry Jerome Stockard, president of Peace Institute, and "Masterpieces of Southern Poetry," Mr. Neale's own compilation and study; there are histories of Southern literature, such as "A History of Southern Literature," by Carl Holliday, who is at the head of the literary department of Vanderbilt University. There are scores of books of fiction. Mr. Neale's own novel might head the list, "The Betrayal," to which I shall again refer. Then, the Southerner's activity in writing books that do not relate to the South is represented in many of the Neale books of this nature. Thomas E. Watson, for instance, writes of Waterloo; here we find a Greek drama, there a study in government; here an intricate problem in theology is discussed, there a book of travels. But I return to the books that relate to the history of the South.

There is Headley's account of the part he and his associates played in the attempt to retaliate, in the West and in the East, for the burning and sacking of Southern towns, villages, and farms by the invading armies. The evidence there found of the extent of the "copper head" movement in the upper Mississippi valley, in 1863-1864, is entirely essential to a history of both sides of the great war. It becomes startling to contemplate, to what imminence revolution in the States of the North and West had approached when, in an evil hour, for the Confederate side, Mr. Davis destroyed the Army of Tennessee, by placing a brave, true, but incompetent commander over it in the place of Joseph E. Johnston. Mr. Davis delivered an impassioned speech to the remnant of the Army of Tennessee, at Palmetto Station, near Atlanta, in September, 1864, in which he declared the opinion that McClellan would be elected over Lincoln at the November elections, and in that event the West would set him up as president over itself, leaving the East to Lincoln. The destruction of the Army of Tennessee, however, resulted in a political situation the reverse of Mr. Davis' prognostications.

But to return to the Neale books. These are sufficient to place the fame of the Confederacy's brief life, civil and military, in the first rank of nations.

And the four years of the Confederacy established propositions of government that the United States must put into practice—or perish. It is sufficient to say, that the Constitution of the Confederate States met and satisfied every condition precedent to the prolonged security of this republic, and if that improved federal organic law were enforced now, in the United States, each and every dispute between the Republican party and the Democratic would be settled and in favor of the fundamental principles of human liberty.

While the Neale house has built up a Southern literature of varied classifications of titles, and has fixed a policy to preserve in that line of enterprise, the South is to be congratulated that the influence of the publisher is wider than the limits of the American territory. The publisher's good offices in other lands are a recognized force in our interest.

Sixty years ago an English gentlewoman, playmate, in infancy, of Queen Victoria, one of her bridesmaids, Maid of Honor to the Queen, Miss Amelia Murray, traveled in the United States, accompanied only by her maid servant. The distinguished and most accomplished traveler landed at Halifax, thence to Boston. From Niagara she came to Baltimore. Oh, this country is of two parts! The Prince Consort was an abolitionist; the Queen was an abolitionist. Miss Murray, an abolitionist, had talked in this country with abolitionists. Letters to a gentleman of Baltimore, preceding her arrival, had caused his carriage, accompanied by a negro butler, to meet the stranger at the railroad station. The negro butler approached Miss Murray with the manners of the butlers at home. Could such a man be a slave! At the door a negro maid met Miss Murray to show her to her chamber. Presently, at dinner, the tourist met a goodly company. The very atmosphere was not Bostonese, but English high life. There was no bell-clapper tone to the voices of the company. These were English people. On to Washington. There the Southern society was dominant, and Miss Murray entered it, by instinct. She traveled southward, to Richmond, to Charleston, and went with Governor Aiken over his sea-island plantations, seeing the slaves by the thousand, at labor. She came on to Mobile, to New Orleans, and to Texas. The printed volume of her private letters to England, correcting mistaken views held there of the slaves and the masters of the South, offended the Queen. The Maid of Honor, the true, steadfast friend of the Queen's youth and her power, left the court, to take up her residence on a farm. She heard of the arrival in London of Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, of Washington City, who had entertained her. She sent a command to him and his family to come to her. What invaluable historical data is that in the little book of Miss Murray's letters from America!

The Prince of Wales came—the recently deceased Edward VII. The same Mr. Tayloe carried him to the old James river plantation, Westover and others. In this instance, we find somewhat of the foundation of that English sympathy with the Southern Confederacy, the evidences of which survive in the tale of the cruiser *Alabama*, and in other things of great comfort to Southern people.

The Neale Publishing Company, in twelve short years, beginning in the feebleness of limited resources and without a name, is doing good work for the South beyond the seas. Had the same work been done prior to the generation of Neale, who may prophesy what Yancey and Slidell and Mason might have done in Europe, as diplomats of the Confederacy! It is enough to say here, that the works of Southern authors, relating to the South published by the Neale house, have been given a remarkable quantity of space in the favorite journals of literary criticism in

London. *The Graphic*, *The Athenaeum*, *The Academy*, *The Spectator*, all delight to review these books as rare exhibitions of literary achievement.

The rare thing, the unparalleled thing, the consecration of a young man's life to confirm the security of the name and fame of his country, the Cavalier section of his country, in book publication, has happened. What of him? Well bred, as the test stands, well educated, possessed of a genius for the initiative, surcharged with energy, as well regulated in his mental processes as the lines of the square, as self-confident as Caesar, the South has not misplaced its confidence. I have said, that young Neale in his nineteenth year carried a family of eight persons to Washington City, to be supported in comfort by the work of his pen, and that he succeeded, without delay. Since then he has written exhaustively, and his writing has been on the highest plane. To select those books that appeal to my own sympathies first, I would name the three correlated studies, "Home Rule," "Treaties," and "The Sovereignty of the States." The last named only, which is intended to close the series, has been published. I doubt if there are a great number of men, in all America, who have in their mental cabinets the connection of facts and events that are set forth in this book, which, nevertheless, are essential to a just appreciation of the foundations of American government. The reader is startled by the disclosures of long neglected facts.

The historical novel, "The Betrayal," by Walter Neale and Miss Hancock, has been so widely reviewed that special notice of it may be omitted here. Suffice it to be said, it is a powerful portrayal of the history of Virginia, for some twenty years (1870-'90), when the forces of darkness strove perilously strong with the spirit of Virginia.

Mr. Neale but now is entering upon the time of life that men begin their work. We of the South should not be slow to know of him as a friend who is needed.

The Dawning Hour

Alonzo Rice

How deep the dawning hour's ebon sway!
Intense, intense; the golden morning star
Makes deeper night; majestic hills afar
Loom indistinct, and ranged in dim array,
The well-known trees; all objects fade away;
Primeval Darkness rides her gloomy car;
But now, behold! a brightening crimson bar
Shows on the eastern hills of dawning gray.

Oh! heart disconsolate, though shadows sweep
In cheerless cohorts oft across the sky;
Though hope is dim and faces are veiled deep,
And darkness gathers deeper, do not sigh;
Be steadfast, and a patient watch still keep—
When shadows gather deepest, morn is nigh.

The Tennessee Situation

Orman T. Hadley

ON January 25, 1911, the first Republican Governor of Tennessee for thirty years, was inaugurated at the Capitol in Nashville, Tennessee. The outgoing governor, Malcolm R. Patterson, had reigned as governor of the Volunteer State during four years of the stormiest period of the state's history, only excepting the period of the Civil War.

So many things happened during this four years of grace just past, which came to a full culmination in the election and inauguration of a Republican, that it may be worth while to take note of some of the things which led to such an upheaval.

Events have taken place during these years mentioned which have almost questioned the character and standing of the State as a civilized commonwealth; for a time, at least, it seemed as if Tennessee were progressing backward. These events have been of such a character as to divide fireside friends and families, to split churches, to disorganize society, and to engender a state of chaos generally.

Beginning with the night-rider disturbances in Northern Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, some years ago, and leading down to the crowning events succeeding the assassination of one of the State's leading men, as well as one of the nation's leading statesmen, on the streets of Nashville; all this time was chaos and disruption, such as it may well be hoped will never be repeated in this or in any other state.

The night-rider troubles have been sufficiently laid before the public, but people on the outside of the state, and especially her wellwishers, would like to know the real situation, internally, that has engendered such a condition as to put the state upon a questionable basis.

Needless to say the cause is a political one. The fight that has been waged between the two factions of the state's democracy has been a fight for continued existence, each knowing that when one finally conquered, the other would become extinct. The importance, then, of continued existence to each faction led to the fatal struggle. The fight has been much along the same lines of somewhat similar struggles in other states of late, notably New York and California: the struggle of machine politics vs. representative government.

The Aldrich, Rhode Island Monarchy, Tammany Hall of New York, Boss Cox of California, and the California bosses against whom Judge Ben Lindsay has thundered so effectively: all these have been like unto the Tennessee machine. If any difference the latter, though on a smaller scale, has been more brazenly audacious and open: and as if not knowing its own corruption, after committing its fallacious crimes, has even appealed to the state for approbation.

In 1905, a joint act of the Tennessee legislature which sent J. B. Frazier, then governor, to the United States senate, also sent John Isaac Cox, then president of the State senate, to the governor's chair. Whether John Isaac Cox found a machine ready waiting for him when accident placed him in the governor's chair, is not known: but if not, a number of cohorts were soon found which helped him organize one. In 1906, when the governor's chair was again vacant, to be filled by an election, John Isaac Cox looked unto the machine he had become leader of to set him down again upon this plushy seat. One Malcolm R. Patterson, a lawyer of Memphis, seemed to disagree with the machine and its leader, and sought the

velvety cushion for himself. After exercising the Cicero faculty over the Volunteer State for weeks in a bitter campaign, declaiming against said machine and its leader, Cox, and for representative government, the people seemed to agree, and placed this young restorer of Jeffersonian democracy at the head of the old ship of state. No sooner had Patterson eased himself, upon said chair of velvety cushion, and taken a little rest from his long run, than he began to look around.

He didn't see how such great harm could come from a machine, anyhow. There was the machine, torn and tattered; its leader, Cox, deposed. True, it was ready to go to the shop and be reset, reorganized: only it sadly lacked a leader. How such did appeal to the sympathetic heart of young Patterson, then governor; for be it always remembered, he possessed this sympathetic heart, as was shown later in his pardoning hundreds of convicted criminals. Such appeal to the sympathies of this young reformer was too much for him to withstand. Incidentally he had forgotten that any such man as Thomas Jefferson ever lived. The next chapter in Tennessee history is: The machine "Reorganized; Patterson, the Invincible, its Leader."

Such as series of incidents as come next is familiar to every one who makes even a pretense to keeping up with current events. Patterson himself, to a great extent, had created this wholesale sentiment against corrupt machine government, which constitutes the faction for representative government. Patterson, himself, now having forgotten the content of his oratory, aforetime, represents the machine democracy of the state.

Nestling under the providential wings of this machine, Patterson began his course, here told in brief, but which nearly destroyed the reputation of the state as a civilized state. Criminals were turned loose upon society by the hundreds, such as has never been known in history, and political subjects of the machine were made of these criminals, their relatives and friends; legislators were sent away from the state when the machine could not get legislation they desired; blanket primaries were ordered which were for the sole purpose of discrimination against men who were not machine men for public office; statute law was openly disregarded, resulting in a state of practical anarchy, and when ex-Senator Carmack was assassinated by a leading cohort of the machine, Patterson pardoned him on the spot after he had been convicted and sentenced by both the lower and Supreme Courts of the state. With such a record behind them, Patterson and his machine then went before the people whom they had insulted with every imaginable insult and seek not only exoneration and approval, but licenses to continue such perfidy and abomination. Happily the righteous indignation of a people already aroused nipped in the bud every scheme put forward by the corruptionists, and defeated the machine candidates for the Supreme Court, and wound up by electing a Republican governor.

The state has finally cleared itself but in order to do so had to elect a Republican governor. Patterson had, by his blanket primary plan, nominated himself for governor, and it was either Patterson or a decent Republican, although the state was by a vast majority Democratic.

This goes far toward clearing the skirts of Tennessee. She, as a state, is as civilized as ever, and is ever a believer in the political doctrine of Andrew Jackson. This is shown by the fact that she always holds a listening ear to those who would do her political housecleaning. The coming years promise to be years of peace and healthy growth; and the bane of Tennessee, the corrupt political machine, with its leaders, are forever on the retired list.

Life From Varied Viewpoints, As Told By Several Belated Travelers

IT sometimes happens that people of varied tastes, widely divergent walks in life and companions only for a limited time will, under certain conditions, rely on each other for a break in what might become deadly monotony.

It happened once that such a party met in the sitting room of a small Southern hotel. The night had brought a storm so gusty and disastrous to the comfort of those guests whose plans had been made to leave for their several destinations, they were compelled to postpone their departure.

After a splendid dinner, perfectly served, they gathered around the fireplace in a cosey sitting room.

In the party was an English lady, sojourning in the South for her health, and acting as housekeeper of the hotel; a traveling man who had represented everything from coffins to shoes; a theatrical advance agent who had once booked engagements for Fanny Kemble; a detective, who had been instrumental in unearthing a famous band of counterfeiters, and a preacher who was on his way to a new charge.

Conversation became general, and an inkling of a story from each of the guests, after their description of their various callings, suggested to the landlord an evening of rare pleasure if each would tell of some episode in which they had taken part. The lady was, of course, given precedence, and her story was the first to be heard. Said she:

"I had been connected for a number of years with a popular hotel in Philadelphia. There was always a large number of transient guests—people who came with but little luggage and whose stay was brief.

"You have doubtless heard of the professional hotel beat—the man who is always being robbed of clothing or jewelry or money or valuables of some description, and the hotel I was with had several times paid these clamorous ones for various things said to have been stolen from their rooms during their absence.

"The season had not been a profitable one for the proprietor, and the losses were added to by the number of claims and paid-for losses. After consulting with the regular house detective, the proprietor came to me and begged me to carefully consider the personality of each of the servants for whom I was, of course, responsible.

"I had become attached to all the servants, as they had been with me for years, and I could recall no single act of any one which warranted the belief that they were guilty of the thefts. I determined to be unusually watchful, not of the servants, but of the guests.

"As most of you know, the servants in all large hotels are divided into two shifts; some go on duty early in the morning and have finished their alloted work by early afternoon, when the second shift goes on for its service time. In this way it is always easy to call on the entire staff who served during the time of a specific complaint on the part of a guest.

"Several days had passed without any losses being reported from the office and I was beginning to breathe more freely. On Saturday, I always had the skylights of the office cleaned, all the awnings brushed off and the general touches given which insured perfect cleanliness for Sunday, when the work was made as light as possible.

"Late in the evening I made the rounds of the house, peered out the windows for a final inspection of all awnings and sky-lights, and went to bed early to sleep the sleep of wearied satisfaction.

"Sometime after midnight I was

roused by a bell-man, who told me a guest had been robbed, that the house detective had made an arrest and that the proprietor begged I would come at once to his private office.

"I rose, dressed hurriedly and went at once to the little office where the proprietor transacted all his personal affairs. I found a little knot of men —the proprietor, the house detective, a stranger, evidently the guest who had been robbed, and a lad who had but recently been employed to run the passenger elevator on the night shift.

"He was an English lad of about nineteen, and was brother to a young man whom we had had in our employ for several years. He had been a sailor, and his manner was quick, obliging and polite, making him soon a favorite with the guests.

"The guest had arrived late—possibly eleven-thirty, and the elevator boy had shown him to his room; the man had only one piece of luggage, a small hand-satchel, and had paid for his night's lodging in advance.

"Instinctively I felt a keen dislike for the man; his eyes looked shifty and his manner uncertain as he told his story: he said he had retired immediately after the elevator boy had left his room; that he had failed to lock his door, and that he was roused from his sleep by hearing some one in his room, but on arising and lighting the gas, he found no one. His coat and trousers were gone, and with them his money and watch.

"The case looked bad for the lad, but I could not believe him guilty of theft: he had gone off duty at twelve o'clock, and of course could have disposed of the things easily. His person and his room were searched, but nothing found to connect him with this or any other theft; the guest was insistent, however, preferred the charge of theft against the boy, and there was nothing left for the detective to do but place him in custody.

"The proprietor had loaned the guest a suit of his own clothes, and requested him to remain as a guest of the house until the case would be disposed of, on Monday. After demurring for awhile, the man consented, and I returned to my room, heart-sick and weary, at the thought of the boy being held as a thief.

"I could not sleep and dressed for the day; after an early breakfast I prepared for the usual trip over the house, impelled by some force I did not try to understand, but which I obeyed. I began my tour on the first floor, and after inspecting the front of the house I went to one of the windows overlooking the sky-light which was over the office.

"You will recall how I spoke of having had these sky-lights cleaned on Saturday, and you may understand how provoked I was to note a quantity of black or dark-colored cloth, some of it in small bits, lying on and around the sky-light. I called a bell-man, ordered him to gather the pieces and bring them to me, not thinking at all then of the unpleasantness of the early morning.

"When the man brought the scraps to me, I was surprised to find they were parts of a pair of trousers; the buttoned part, two pockets and quite a large piece of the lower part of one leg were intact—and then I had a revelation. Telling the bell-man to come with me, I sped upstairs to the floor on which the guest who had been robbed had roomed. From there I tried to figure places where one would try to dispose of cloth such as we had found; there was an inner courtyard, on which one window of the man's room opened, and on the ground were several other pieces of dark cloth: these I sent the bell-man to gather, telling him to bring them to me in the proprietor's office, where I went with my find.

"As well as I could, I related what had occurred to the proprietor, and suggested that he send to the man's room for the waist-coat, in order that

we might see if the goods matched. He acted on my suggestion, and before the waist-coat arrived, the bell-man had brought in some more cloth of exactly the same pattern as that we had gathered from the sky-light; more of the trousers and a goodly portion of the coat was now in our possession, and when the waist-coat made its appearance, you will not be surprised to learn it was of exactly the same cloth as the pieces we had found.

"We sent for the house detective and laid the matter before him; he was astounded and went to fetch the guest. I suppose HE was really the most surprised of the lot, and he was promptly placed under arrest for swindling, as the house had reimbursed him for the amount of money he claimed to have lost, and for the value of his supposed watch.

"It transpired he was a professional criminal from New York, distinguished by having his photograph in the Rogues' Gallery then. I believe he served a term of years in Philadelphia's prison and was afterward taken to New York.

"The boy? He felt his disgrace so keenly that he would not come back to work for us again. The proprietor secured a position for him elsewhere, but he soon went to sea, and I believe, was successful and happy."

The lady's story was greatly enjoyed, and the travelling man promised a tale of interest, which we will relate to you in next month's magazine.

Does Hookworm Cause Consumption?

[The address here given was delivered by Dr. Patillo, of the Georgia State Board of Health, before the McDuffie County Teachers' Association, on January 21, 1911]

IT is with pleasure that I attempt to speak to you for a little while this morning on public health matters. A country's greatest asset is her people; the peoples' greatest asset is health.

Last year 15,000 babies less than one year old died in New York City alone from the improper preparation of food. It cost $400,000 to bury these children. Most of them could have been saved, and at a much less cost. Every year 600,000 Americans die from preventable causes; always 3,000,000 Americans are ill from the lack of the ounce of prevention. It is estimated that during the next ten years six million infants less than two years old will end their little spans of life, while mothers sit and watch in utter helplessness, and yet this number could probably be decreased by as much as half. Our national government freights the mail with circulars telling how to cure hog cholera and kill insects that prey on fruit trees, but in all the years since the Revolutionary War it has never sent a circular to a mother telling her how to keep her baby alive. Just turn these figures over in your mind. Think of them. Then think of the millions of dollars that the government is spending to teach the proper care of hogs and chickens. Consider the opposition in congress to Senator Owen's bill, creating a department of health, to do for men and women what the department of agriculture now does for cattle.

President McKinley, when he was about to die, said: "It is God's way." The nation echoed the saying, but hung the assassin. This is an admirable illustration of the extent to which old ideas often cloud new ones. The duration of life, according to the old idea,

was all a matter of God's will. The idea was so stupid that we could never hold to it, else we should not have punished murderers. But we tried to hold to it. If the father died of typhoid fever, the widow and orphans were told not to mourn, God for some wise purpose had taken the father's life. If the baby died, again it was God. Nobody thought of investigating the milkman at the back door, or the flies in the dining room, or a contaminated source of water supply. In spite of many deaths from small pox, there are still some people who oppose vaccination, which has done so much to lessen the dread of this awful disease and to save thousands of lives from its scourge. To paraphrase a Napoleonic remark, we know that in matters of health and life God is always on the side of the heaviest batallion of garbage wagons, on the side of those who know the most about maintaining health and practise most of what they know. Make a man know that it is possible for him to attain great age, and he is likely to ask for particulars.

To illustrate the power that man has in preventing death, and prolonging life, take what has been done in Porto Rico. Six years ago the government appointed what was known as the Hookworm Commission, and of the 800,000 population of this island, 300,000 were treated and cured of their hookworm disease, and as a consequence the death rate was reduced, in five years, from 40,000 to 21,000—nearly 100 per cent. New Zealand's death rate is 9.5 to the 1,000. Ours is 16.5, yet their climate is no better than ours; then why? The answer is very simple. They put a higher estimate on human life than we do, and enforce laws of sanitation. Plenty of laymen know how typhoid fever could be made a dead disease. Germany has already accomplished this in Germany. Yet in our country tuberculosis, typhoid and other preventable diseases are permitted to go on killing their millions.

It is an easy matter to gain the cooperation of people to protect themselves from an attacking foe. In the days of our forefathers, they banded themselves together for protection from the Indians, wild beasts and vandals. Protection from something tangible seems well established, but what cutthroat is more guilty than the man who, knowingly, carries the germ of small pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other diseases around on his person or in his clothes to give the same to your children, or to you or to me, and in this way oftentimes spread a deadly disease in a community, the results of which are to often deprive us of the lives of our dear little ones, and to leave others crippled for life in some way? Now, why should we not bind ourselves together to fight our one great common foe, *disease?* If flies were kept out of our homes, and the premises kept clean, we need have very little fear from typhoid fever. Some argue that they are not able to screen their doors and windows, yet one spell of typhoid is more expensive than screens for a lifetime.

I want to state briefly a few facts about the great white plague—tuberculosis. During the Civil War only about 205,000 were killed in battle, while every two years 300,000 Americans die of tuberculosis. The economic loss from this disease in the United States is annually $330,000,000. Between the ages of 20 and 30 every third death is from consumption, and at all ages the mortality from this disease is one in nine. It is estimated that of the people living in the United States today more than eight million will die of tuberculosis. All of you know the cause of this disease, that it is due to a small vegetable organism, called the tubercle bacillus, getting into the body, where it begins its deadly work. These germs are present in great numbers in the sputum of a tubercular patient, hence the importance of keeping people from spitting on the sidewalks, in public buildings, etc., for these little baccilli dry,

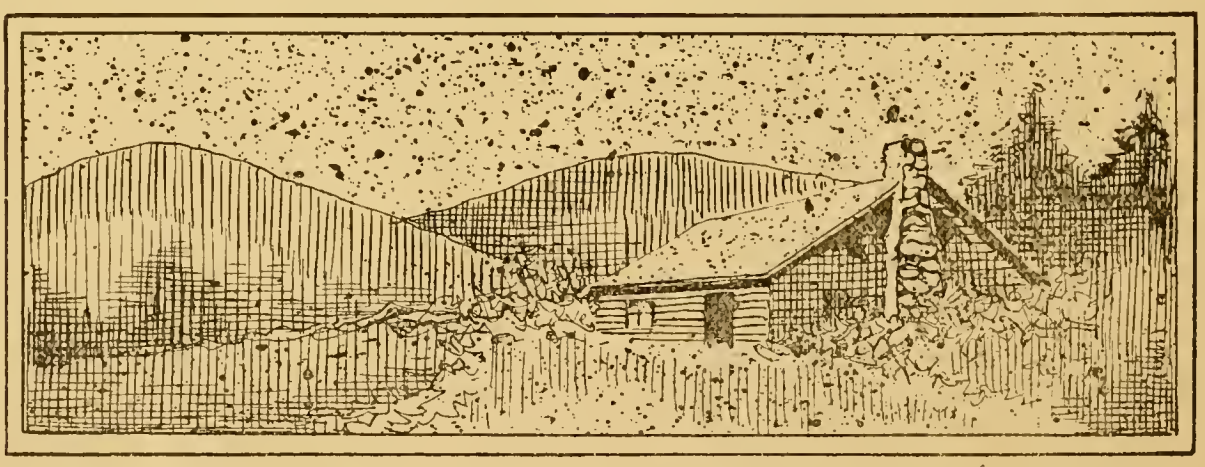
become mixed with the dust, and are inhaled by other people. What are some of the early symptoms? Slight hacking cough; in other words, a prolonged cold, loss of weight, poor appetite, rapid pulse, slight fever in the evenings, night sweats, etc. Some means of prevention: Teach children to breathe through the nose, and where adenoids and diseased tonsils are present, insist that they be removed; they often lay the foundation for this disease. Keep the mouth clean by careful and frequent brushing of the teeth, take plenty of outdoor exercise, practice deep breathing, see that there is plenty of fresh air in the house, both summer and winter, never sleep in a room with all the doors and windows closed, get plenty of sleep, avoid the use of alcohol; be moderate and temperate in all things. Tuberculosis is a curable disease. It is claimed that 87 per cent. of all cases, taken in their infancy, can be cured. What are some of the means of cure? First, the advice of a good physician, fresh air, sunshine, good, nutritious food, rest, and the strict avoidance of patent medicines and quack consumptive cures.

Now I come to the disease which is causing so much damage in our great Empire State of the South, hookworm disease. It is unquestionably responsible for a great deal of consumption, by lowering the body vitality, and thus making it more susceptible to tubercular infection. The technical name for the hookworm is Uncinaria Americana, or Necator Americana, meaning the American murderer. The disease has been known to exist for centuries as anaemia, brickworkers' diseases, chlorosis, etc., in the old country. Our attention was first called to it during the construction of the great St. Gothard's Tunnel in 1879, when the workmen began to sicken and die by the hundreds. The priests and many religious fanatics saw in this the hand of God raised against the enterprise, but today the great tunnel stands as a monument to the skill of the engineers and the untiring efforts of the physicians of that day. The disease is, beyond doubt, directly or indirectly, responsible for the deaths of more young people, and poverty of older people than any other one thing in our state today. It is a small, round worm from ½ to 1 inch long, and about the size of an ordinary thread in diameter. It inhabits the upper part of the small intestines and feeds upon the blood drawn from the delicate mucous membranes. Therefore the symptoms are those of anaemia, accompanied by local disturbances. There are two modes of infection: first, and far most frequent, is through the skin, by direct contact with infected soil. The other is by ingestion, either in drinking water, from unpealed fruit or uncooked vegetables, such as tomatoes, lettuce, celery, onions, radishes, etc. In any case, the results are the same. The worms reach the alimentary canal and develop to maturity, and then the symptoms begin to develop, which are the same in either form of infection, except the ground itch, which is the first symptom when the infection takes place through the skin. The patient begins to suffer with some form of digestive disturbance, heartburn, pain over the abdomen; the heart action becomes irregular, and the patient becomes short-winded, pale, nervous, etc. The inner surface of the eyelids become almost or quite colorless. If untreated, the patient becomes dropsical, suffers from lack of energy, getting weaker all the time until he can do nothing at all in the way of work, and not infrequently dies of exhaustion. The above is a picture of the extreme case. More often you find all these symptoms modified. The child does not grow as it should, and often the mental development is hindered even to a greater extent than the physical. The diagnosis of this disease is easy. It can be made from the symptoms in bad cases, and by find-

ing the eggs of the worm in the excrement under the miscroscope in all cases. The treatment is simple and can be given by any intelligent physician. Thymol is the drug used. It is easy to see how a person carrying these parasites around in his body can become a menace to society. Although he may have a very light infection himself, and suffer very little inconvenience from it, still he scatters the disease wherever he goes, and another person contracting it may get a heavy infection and suffer severely. So long as we permit soil pollution about our homes, schools and churches, we will have the hookworm with us. Therefore, improve the sanitary conditions, stop soil pollution and we can get rid of hookworm disease.

It is impossible, at present, to have all cases treated and if all cases were trated there would be a great many who would be reinfected, so it behooves us to educate the people first, then we can hope for permanent results. In order to educate the masses, we are trying to secure the co-operation of the educated and well informed people of every community. The doctors line up with us as a matter of course, but they cannot succeed alone. The ministers, the lawyers, the intelligent business men, all have their part to perform in this work. Then, lastly, and most important of all, comes the teachers. It is the teacher who can wield the greatest influence over the child, and through the children, the parents. Teachers are closest to the great mass of people, and can influence them most. The scope of the teacher is being constantly broadened. You are not only teaching your pupils how to read and write, but how to live, how to increase their usefulness as citizens in every way. To do all this successfully, you must have a healthy child to deal with, for if the body is diseased the mind is sure to show the effect of it, and cannot respond to teaching as does the mind of the healthy child. This being true, it becomes your duty, in as far as is possible, to see that your pupils have healthy bodies. We hope that the time is not far distant when every county will have regular medical inspection of the schools, and it is up to the teachers to pave the way.

Now, is all this worth while? Is it worth while to make earners of invalids, educated men and women of the mentally dull? Does it mean anything to the people? Does it mean anything to you? I answer YES, and I believe I can hear you repeat the echo, *YES!*



Successful Orange Culture in South Texas

Walter S. Gord

NATURE came to the assistance of an infant industry in South Texas in a most unexpected manner with the dawning of the new year. In the history of orange culture in this state, one epoch will begin with "The Freeze of January 3, 1911." That period of about forty-eight hours of freezing temperature was the real test of the citrus fruit industry of this section. It is not often that a visitation of the Ice King in sections south of the Mason and Dixon line is viewed in the light of a blessing, yet such has been the verdict following two of the coldest days in South Texas that have been recorded in the month of January for the past twenty years, as disclosed by the records of the weather bureau. On Monday and Tuesday, January 2nd and 3rd, the mercury dropped to 17 degrees above zero and there was freezing throughout the orange belt. Since that time diligent investigation has been made and discloses that the orange trees came through this trying period unscathed. Nature applied her test and the verdict has been rendered that this is an orange country beyond the pale of further argument.

While orange trees have been grown in Texas for many, many years, and there are numerous trees still standing that are twenty years old or more, the orange industry did not assume commercial magnitude until six years ago, but within that time it has made wonderful progress. The successful growing of the Satsuma grafted upon the hardy citrus trifoliata stock was the foundation for the present thriving industry. Thousands of acres have been given over to orange orchards and to the growing of kumquats, grapefruit, lemons and all the citrus fruits. An expenditure of many millions of dollars in lands, trees and plants is represented and had the first hard freeze which swept South Texas carried ruin before it, the disaster would have been equal to the Florida "Big Freeze" of the 80's. As it is, state experts have gone over the orchards and the unanimous opinion of all, from Houston to Brownsville, is that beyond shedding their leaves, the trees, even the young ones, show no signs of having suffered any injury. As the result, orders are being placed for thousands of trees and all the nurseries are rapidly exhausting their stocks. By reason of the cold test, to which the industry has been subjected, it is going forward by leaps and bounds.

Orange growing is an industry that calls for careful study. The clerk just out of a city store, or a professional man or the man who gets his farming experience out of books, would find it necessary to begin upon a small scale and proceed cautiously if he would make sure of success. And yet there are a number of orange orchards in the Gulf Coast country which are now paying their owners the round sum of six to ten hundred dollars per acre, an acre usually embracing 125 trees. The work that has been done in the past few years has proved that Texas is as safe an orange producing section as either Florida or California.

Last year there were approximately 2,250,000 orange trees over one year old growing in Texas, but of these not to exceed 500,000 were in orchards developed for commercial purposes. This year it is estimated that not less than 20,000 acres will be given over to commercial propositions which will require a million and a half trees for their planting and that the output in the Houston district next season will be over 50,000 boxes of oranges.

Chief attention has been given here

to the Satsuma orange, one of the "kid glove" varieties. It is a round fruit modeled much like the Manadrine and the skin strips readily from the pulp, which is almost seedless, is sweet and possesses a most delightful flavor. As yet but little has been done toward extending the market for this orange, because of the fact that local and state demand has up to this time restricted its movement. As an example of the progress that is being made, however, one grower who marketed 500 crates in 1909, sold 5,000 crates in 1910. Houston is the big market of the Texas orange district and during thirty days in November one commission house, alone, sold 3,000 boxes of these oranges and the dozen or more other handlers of the fruit reported sales equally as large and two-thirds of this output went to Houston merchants. As yet there has been no standardizing of grades of the Satsuma nor has packing reached the perfection which has been attained in Florida and California, but the growers are learning rapidly, are bending intelligent effort toward raising the commercial standing of their product and the fruit dealers declare it will be but a matter of a year or two until all the large houses of the northern and eastern market points will have buyers upon the ground. There has never been any question as to the demand for the fruit, which has sold readily at $1.50 to $2.50 per box, the packages averaging 175 to 250 oranges to the box.

With the experience gained through the first freezing weather that has been encountered in the development of the commercializing of the orange industry in Texas, with the introduction of orchard heating appliances and the cultivation of wind breaks, with the establishment of markets and assured consumption of their output, the pioneers in citrus fruit culture in South Texas feel that they have passed far beyond the experimental stage. One grower who, last fall, disposed of the entire output of his six and a half acres of bearing trees at 15 cents per dozen, after gathering and marketing his crop sold his little orchard for ten thousand dollars and has reinvested in a much larger tract, for orange lands can be had in the Houston district for $35 per acre. He expects to engage in the business upon a much broader scale. He will have plenty of company, for radiating from the city of Houston in every direction are magnificent groves, such as existed in the mind of the father of the industry, E. S. Stockwell, eighteen years ago when he came to the Gulf Coast country and began advocating the growing of citrus fruits.

The Level

Ralph M. Thomson

Their paths diverged—their walks were wide—
Their ways of life apart;
One boasted riches multiplied,
The other but a heart.

Why reckon mammon more than worth,
Or prince than they who plod?
We reach at last a common earth,
And face the self-same God.

Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told.

Watson's Magazine proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over,, the old Veteran will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read.

We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—The Editor.]

Another Close Call

Mr. Editor: My last was about our riffle pit fight with the white and colored troops on James Island, S. C. A short while after this came the evacuation of Charleston, which was quietly done, and then the march through the Carolinas and the pop—pop—pop of Wheeler's Cavalry, protecting our rear and the blast of the brigade bugler's horn, that meant rest for ten minutes, is yet a fresh memory not easily forgotten. Yes, we marched fifty minutes and rested ten minutes in the hour, and along in the afternoon these fifty minutes seemed fifty hours. The blast of that bugle was sweet music to a tired soldier. Now, just before the fifty minutes would expire some poor, tired fellow would cry out, "Blow, bugle blow," and from a thousand throats the cry was taken up—"Blow, now, blow; d—you, blow, blow!" could be heard for miles. We wanted to hear from Mr. Bugler's horn—toot, tootle, toot!

Now, for my close call: We had been marching all day in the rain and late in the afternoon we had halted to go into camp. It was a low, flat wet place; the water covered the ground, and a place suitable to make a fire or dry wood to start one, was a problem. But each mess went to work and my mess soon had our log-heap and fire started. We had stacked our arms and shedded our implements of war--cartridge boxes, blankets, canteens, etc., but myself—I had kept on mine. Also, I was fortunate enough to have an overcoat, and it was on. I was standing up close to our log fire—tired, cold and hungry, and clearly out of humor. About the time the blaze was peeping through the top of the log-heap, Oscar Cook, a boy comrade from another mess and about my size and age, came up and dabbed his frying pan of meat on this little blaze. I told him not to do this; to let the fire burn more, that I and my mess had built it for our own use. He was squatting down. He replied, "You are a liar." (This lie business was common talk with old Rebs). But I was cold and hungry, so I kicked him in the side clear over, and I tell you in a second or two frying pans and meat were flying in the air in every direction. He had cast off his implements and had the advantage in that I had my trappings on. We fought like old Rebs, as we were, and this old Reb was about out of wind and was making preparation for a desperate effort on the last round, when fortunately for me an officer came up and threatened us with punishment and arrest unless we quit, which order I immediately obeyed. That boy was the most interesting boy I ever tackled in a fight, and but for the timely arrival of the officer he would have whipped me sure. Pretty close, wasn't it? I hope Oscar may read this, if he is living. I have not seen him since the surrender, and wish to know of him.

We continued our march through South Carolina, with numerous skirmishes in the rear, until we reached Cape Fear River and at or near this river was fought the battle of Aversborough.

Our corps (Hardee's) fought Slocum's division of Sherman's army here, reported a Confederate victory. Then a forced march of a few days brought us to Bentonville, N. C., where Gen. Johnston and Sherman clashed together in the last big battle of the war—the battle of Bentonville, N. C., a Confederate victory. Sherman retired with his army to Goldsborough, while Johnston's army (the Army of Tennessee) went into camp at Smithfield, N. C. Here Gen. Johnston commenced to consolidate the army; that is, to put two battalions or regiments together to make one, and to appoint his officers down to lieutenants and corporals, and not elected, as heretofore. But this was not fully completed when the news of the fall of Richmond reached us. Immediately we were ordered to cook up three day's rations, which was not obeyed, from the fact that we did not have the rations. The Army of Tennessee was put in motion and the march was almost continued day and night until we reached Greensborough, where we surrendered April 26, 1865, after a ten day's armistice. It was said at the time that Lee's army and ours, Johnston's army, were to meet each other, whip Grant and turn about and whip Sherman.

My letters to your magazine have brought about a correspondence between myself and John H. Almand, of Conyers, Ga. John is president of the Bank of Rockdale, at Conyers. He sent me the bank calendar for 1911. It is a dandy. It shows all the battles of the Civil War, pictures of our Confederate leaders, monuments, Confederate States money, stamps, war songs, Confederate States capitol, etc. It is a good history in itself of the war.

John and I were members of the same company. He was a true soldier and faithful friend. Methinks I see him now on that long march (when all knew our cause was hopeless), the soldier lad of nineteen in his faded, ragged jacket of grey, ever ready to respond to duty. Now after 46 years, through the Jeffersonian Magazine, I learn of him—from a poor, ragged grey-jacket Reb to a prosperous banker. This knowledge alone is worth many, many times more to me than the subscription price of your valuable papers.

Now, Comrade John, may you live long in the land; may the good Lord continue to shower His blessings upon you and yours. May your future paths through life be strewn with flowers and your remaining years be the happiest, is the wish and prayer of your old friend and former comrade-in-arms,

Bridgeboro, Ga. O. J. Cottle.

How Some Soldiers Spent Christmas in '63

Forty-six years ago the Confederate forces on the lines around Richmond held an election to decide whether the Virginia troops should be allowed to go home and spend the Christmas holidays. The Virginians, of course, not voting.

If my memory serves me right, every one of our regiment, the old 20th South Carolina Volunteers, voted in favor of it.

We knew it was impossible for us to go to our homes in South Carolina. The result was that, previous to this time, we were on picket duty one night and off two, but now it was *vice versa*—on two and off one. To show their appreciation for this sacrifice, these soldiers, as soon as they reached home, began preparations for a turkey dinner for us who were left out on the lines in the snow. Under the circumstances their efforts proved a great success. How could it have been otherwise, when it was handed out to us by a crowd of the finest looking young ladies imaginable?

I, who am an old, wounded Confederate soldier, would be proud to receive a card from all the young ladies who took any part in the aforesaid dinner.

Pulaski, Miss. J. D. Davis.

Maj. Ranson Tells of Lee's Surrender

(From Harper's Magazine)

"When I arrived at headquarters, Gen. Lee was in a tent, sitting with Gen. Longstreet on some bundles of rye straw (the ground being wet from the rain), at the upper side of the tent, with one candle for a light. I made my report, and the general told me to wait, as he wished to see me. He said he was sorry he had nothing to offer me. He gave me a bundle of straw and told me to sit near the door. It had been raining all the afternoon, and I was quite wet. I was also very tired, so I put my foot through the bridle rein of my mare standing outside, and lying down on the bundle of straw, was soon asleep.

"I was awakened by voices, and looking up, saw the colonel I had left in charge of the troops at the bridge standing in the tent. He reported that the rations had not arrived, and the starving and discouraged troops had all deserted in the darkness, leaving their arms in the trenches. Gen. Lee heard him to the end of his account, and then with a wave of his hand dismissed him. Turning to Gen. Longstreet, he said: 'This is very bad. That man is whipped. It is the first time I have seen one of my officers who had been whipped. It is very bad.' The conversation between the generals was then resumed in low tones, and I again fell asleep. I must have slept for some length of time, when I was awakened by Gen. Lee's voice, speaking in loud tones, louder than I had ever heard from him. He was saying, 'Gen. Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning.' Gen. Lee sometimes spoke of Gen. Grant as 'that man,' and of the Federal army as 'those people.'

"Gen. Longstreet replied in low tones, giving the strength and condition of his command, and the strength and position of the enemy, and concluded by saying, 'But you have only to give me the order, and the attack will be made in the morning.' Again the conversation was resumed in low tones, and I fell asleep. I must have slept for an hour at least, when again I was awakened by the loud, almost fierce tones of Gen. Lee, saying, 'I tell you. Gen. Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning.' Gen. Longstreet again recounted the difficulties, ending as before, 'General, you know you have only to give the order and the attack will be made, but I must tell you I think it will be a useless waste of brave lives.'

"Thinking I had been present long enough at such an interview, I coughed and got up from the straw, and drawing back the flaps of the tent, looked out into the darkness. Gen. Lee said: 'Capt. Ranson, I beg your pardon. I had forgotten you. Go now and get something to eat and some rest. I will see you in the morning.'

"I found my poor mare lying flat on her side in the rain and fast asleep. It was past midnight and very dark, but I reached our camp, though neither I nor the mare got anything to eat that night.

"The morning came, and I listened for the sound of our attack, but all was still. There was no attack; our fighting days were over."

Second Chapter of the Six Langley Brothers, Who Served in the War

In March, '63, as was mentioned in the first chapter, the two next to volunteer were David A. and E. B. Langley. D. A. was the oldest, being 32 years old, married, with wife and three children. E. B. was 28, and unmarried. They joined Capt. Bulger's company, all from Tallapoosa county, being first in camp. A was the company letter. E. B. was orderly seargent. In June the 47th Alabama Regiment was organized, with Jas. M. Oliver as colonel; was ordered to Richmond on the 14th without arms. After being armed was attached to Toliver's Brigade, of Stonewall Jack-

son's division. Then commenced the movements against Gen. Pope, of the Federal army. At Green Springs, Va., E. B. Langley was elected second lieutenant and D. A. Langley was made orderly seargent. After much marching, on the 9th of August, at Cedar Run, Va., our command was initiated in its first engagement, and drove the Federals out to Culpepper Court House and over the Rapidan river. Afterward, Stonewall made his famous flank movement by crossing the Rappahanock at Hinson's ford and getting in Pope's rear, and captured that well-filled depot of army stores on the 30th and 31st. We were engaged in the second Manassas battle, in which E. B. Langley picked up a trophy, consisting of a nice English sword with belt and steel scabbard and a Colt's police size pistol, with the name Capt. I. H. Demarest, Co. "G," N. Y. Volunteers, all of which I have kept up to the present, having never been able to find a claimant by relationship.

After Manasses Battle was over, we were march-worn and foot-sore. We saw a surgeon give his brother a pass to go to the rear, as we neared the battlefield. Such was war, with its unfairness. After considerable marching, crossing and re-crossing the Potomac, Fredericksburg was the next engagement. During the winter months our regiment was put into Law's Alabama brigade, of Hood's division. Our command, under Gen. Longstreet, was sent south of the James river to Suffolk, Va. We lay in the trenches there twenty-three days, ending with a general skirmish in which several were wounded. On the first of April we were hurried to Chancellorsville, but the battle was over before we reached the place. Before we reached Gettysburgh, Va., we occupied Chambersburgh. On these continued flanks and maneuvers we often marched without regular rations. At one time we were halted and a detail was sent to a corn crib to procure corn as a substitute for other rations. About two ears of corn to each man was issued. Old soldiers were often on the witty side of all occasions, and called to our captain of commissaries, "Captain, show us a fodder stack and finish our rations; we are nothing but web-footed cavalry, anyway." From their experience, green corn in rosting-ears had often been served as a ration. At Gettysburgh the 1st, 2nd and third of July a hard battle was fought. Our old captain, Bulger, who had been promoted to colonel, was seriously wounded and captured. (He was also wounded at Cedar Run, Va., in our first engagement.) We were countermarched into Virginia about the first of September, '63. Longstreet's command was sent to Chickamauga to reinforce Bragg's army, so we were in the fight for good. Then there were four of the Langley brothers present. Brother George W. paid us a visit one day and at lunch time we sat down to our repast, and he, of course, had his haversack—a necessary equipment in camps. When we opened up he unrolled a greasy cloth and out came a cooked beef tongue, a very acceptable item in the bill.

Next, the battle at night, beyond the Lookout Mountain, in Will's Valley. From that section we were sent to Knoxville, Tenn., but not without some sad thoughts of the jolly comrades that we brought from Virginia and left on the field or in the hospital.

In our first chapter, we left our brothers, G. W. and Jas. M., in the vicinity of Chattanooga, Tenn., up to Chicamauga. They had many severe trials in Tennessee. Cheatham's division was on the forefront. On account of deafness, Geo. W. Langley was detailed as cook. This released him from some duty, but not from some fool's cursing and abuse. On one of their tramps in Tennessee, when, after a fight with the Federals and following up their victory on the highway, lime-

sinks or caves were natural, which offered a place for straggling soldiers to hide. One of Company K, Captain Slaughter's company, whose name was Elisha Temples, brave and full of fun, said to his company: "Boys, I'm going to get some Yanks out of that lime-sink." He stepped out to the cave, presented his gun, though he had not seen them, and abruptly ordered them to come out. Two or three Yankees, thinking he saw them, came walking out to surrender to Lish T. This put a feather in his cap as a "Bully." While in Tennessee our father went to see the two boys while in camp, wearing a tall hat. This was an opportunity for the soldiers to guy, as usual on all such chances offered. Our father could not hear well, and soldiers in camp set up the usual tirade, "Come out o' that churn," "Come out of that bee-gum," or, "I see your legs hanging out." Father had the habit of placing his hand to enlarge the ear cup for air-currents; doing so, he merely stopped and said, "Ha, what did you say?" and went his way with the same answer. So the "sell" was on the other side.

Camp Hill, Ala. E. B. Langley.

The World State

Geo. E. Allen

TODAY there is a condition in the world the like of which perhaps never existed before—a state of civilization which it required a growth and struggle of centuries to produce. It is a condition that presents multitudinous signs which proclaim that the time is now opportune for men and nations to unite in one grand movement to secure the ultimate goal—world peace and unity.

We find one of these signs in the wide prevalence of the desire for peace. Now as never before has the word gone forth for world peace. The toiling millions have, for the first time in history, articulated the august demand that armaments be reduced, while proclaiming that they who labor and suffer, everywhere and at all times, are brothers whose places are side by side, and not at each others' throats. Now a world tribunal meets with a view to secure concerted action in respect to certain questions of serious international concern, having to do with the maintenance of the general peace and the amelioration of the hardships of war on land and sea; and with a view of securing, if possible, an agreement looking to a gradual, but substantial, reduction in the burdens of military and naval armaments. The last such congress provided for the establishment of an international commission of inquiry, whose purpose is to investigate such controverted questions of fact as are susceptible of judicial ascertainment and verification. The same convention went a step further and acted on proposals looking to the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration, having its seat at The Hague, in a magnificent building to be known as the Temple of Peace—a building which is to be constructed with the funds donated by a great American philanthropist who fully recognizes the importance of the work of the convention for the peace of the world. This proposed court is, in the truest sense, a court of justice, before which international causes of action may be brought with a view to their decision in strict

conformity to the principals of international law—a science which can hardly be said to have existed in ancient times, but which has now, as the result of moral and ethical principles, developed into a great set of established rules by which the family of nations are guided in their actions and relations.

In the meantime, the progress of these conventions being slow, the desire for peace has manifested itself in another direction. The nations have been making dual treaties to the effect that their integrity be preserved and that all questions of dispute arising between themselves be referred to some arbitral board for settlement. The United States government has recently concluded twenty-three treaties of this character. The five nations of Central America have recently agreed to refer to some court of arbitration, all differences between themselves, while the United States and Mexico have agreed to stand behind and see that this agreement is strictly enforced. It is a beautiful agreement, but it would be thrown to the winds were it not for the big stick to enforce it.

The significance of these movements is that they are unequivocal manifestations of the fact that there exists the world over an earnest desire for peace of a permanent character. What more opportune time to move for international federation could the nations wish than when such a feeling is so widely prevalent?

But this desire for peace is not the only respect in which the time is ripe for all nations to unite in a movement to bring about permanent world unity. Look backward over the records of the past and you will see that all down through the history of time the drama enacted on the earth's soil has been one grand stride in the direction of progress, with the result that there has been realized in all the various realms —moral, intellectual, political and physical—the development necessary to constitute a state of civilization which renders practicable, indeed desirable and expedient, the formation of the world state.

The development in the moral realm has brought man to know his relationship to his fellow man and to his government, and to realize his duties and obligations in respect to each. As to the former, he has been brought to realize more than ever that all men are brothers. The sentiment of the brotherhood of man has been greatly deepened and strengthened. The significance of this is that such a new moral sentiment constitutes a force which may be used with great efficiency in working in the interests of a world union based on international amity and good will. And this sentiment will be made to grow by the very means used to accomplish the desired end; for every world congress of peacemakers, educators, scientists, philosophers, students of economics and sociology, or of the humanities brings the heart of humanity into still closer accord.

As to his relationship to his government, man has been brought to realize that he exists, not for the state, as in ancient times, nor the state for him, as was intimated by Woodrow Wilson in a recent speech; but that the state exists for him only in so far as it presents him with the fullest opportunity to make the best of the talents with which nature has endowed him; and he exists for the state only in so far as he takes advantage of this opportunity and uses it as a means to perfect her institutions and thus make government better and grander.

With respect to the development in the intellectual realm, the brain has been enlightened; the reason trained so that man may no longer be the child of superstition, prejudice, or passion. Popular and free education of free lands has given a diffusion of knowledge that is a sheet-anchor of civilization; and now that the brain has been illumined,

it is easy to appeal to the heart, easy to awaken the sleeping soul, for in every man there is the divine spark awaiting the kindling.

But this world movement for peace, and the development in the moral realm —the reaching out of the toilers in all lands in an effort to touch hands and become an universal brotherhood—and the general diffusion of light and education are by no means all of the signs, glorious though they be, that the time is at hand for the nations to associate themselves together in a world union. Perhaps the most significant of the signs that civilization is now ready for such a movement is the basis which exists in the political domain. In that realm all that the age spirit has accomplished would seem to have had for its ultimate aim the preparing of the way for international federation. More than a century ago Immanuel Kant, in his essay on *Perpetual Peace*, affirmed that a prerequisite for the federation of the world was the establishment by all the nations of a representative form of government. When he made his plea for peace, autocratic government prevailed almost everywhere in Europe. But now, with the lapse of one hundred years, governments have become more liberal throughout the civilized world. The cause of Democracy has taken rapid strides. Every country of Europe at the present time—with the exception of Russia—has a constitution and a legislative assembly in which the people are represented. Modern constitutional liberty—the product of the liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon race—after fully developing itself in England and North America, has spread over the continents of Europe. The shot fired at Lexington April 19, 1775—the shot that went round the world—produced lasting results. A model republic was established in North America; the French revolution and the Napoleonic wars broke down the remains of medieval feudalism in Europe; and the constitutional struggles of the nineteenth century sounded the death knell to European absolutism.

Among the grand strides which liberty has made may be mentioned the gradual enfranchisement of the masses in Great Britian, France and other European countries; the establishment of the French republic; the liberalizing of Austria-Hungary—that former bulwark of European absolutism; the emancipation of the masses in Spain, Italy, Prussia, Germany, and other European countries; the emancipation of the Spanish-American countries, and the long-desired unification of Italy and Germany. That Lexington shot that went round the world has at last penetrated the innermost parts of even despotic Russia; for we hear rumblings of approaching revolution throughout the length and breadth of that empire, and her people catch glimpses of liberty. Out of the clouds of disaster brewed by the Japanese war comes the hope of permanent constitutional government, and the crown of absolutism is falling fast to the ground. Thus as the result of the growth of the spirit of democracy and constitutional liberty, a substantial basis for the world state awaits the nations in the political domain.

As to the physical domain, it is most significant that at the same time the movements for peace and the development in the moral, political, and intellectual realms have contributed to the ripening of the time for world unity, wonderful discoveries and invention in the physical domain have brought the once isolated nations close alongside one another, and have made easily possible, in truth, necessary, the formation of the world state. Railroads cross every continent in almost every direction. Steam vessels traverse every sea, and the facilities afforded by such navigation have widened the commercial scope unto distant lands and brought the Far East under the

dazzling limelight of the civilization of the western world. The electric telegraph has established instant communication between every part of the civilized globe. The steam printing press has facilitated the spread of intelligence, and increased the number of periodicals and journals of all classes circulated among the people.

All these improvements in the various realms show that there has never been in the history of the human race a time when civilization, in all its phases, was quite so near ready for a federation of the world. They also show that there is today no tendency more manifest than the tendency toward world unity. What better time could there possibly be for the nations to move unequivocally for this end than during the existence of such a tendency and such a state of civilization? Indeed, no time could be more opportune for a compact of the nations to hush the bugle blast and silence the batteries of war by arbitration and unity. Such a golden age of human progress and civilization demands this.

The movement could now be easily inaugurated and developed by vesting in a great international tribunal power to settle according to law and equity the disputes of nations. With the inauguration of such a movement an era of universal peace would dawn, and we should soon witness the retirement of standing armies, and the disarmament of navies, and the formation of the world state.

"The war-drums would throb no longer,
The battle flags would furl—
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

Song of the Field Sparrow

Stokely S. Fisher

The brown field sparrow, fluttering
Above the lea on lazy wing,
Wooing his coy love tenderly,
Sings my heart-song, my yearning plea:
"All day, dear, wanting, needing only thee!
"Thee, dear, thee! wanting, needing only thee!"

He flies before as if to show
My feet the path they used to know.
Hark, for the sparrow pleads for me!—
Must his plaint always my cry be?—
"All day, dear, wanting, needing only thee!
"Thee, dear, thee! wanting, needing only thee!"

The Sunny Side of Things

Alice Louise Lytle

"Experts"

AWAY back in the days of simple living it was a comparatively easy matter to determine the future of a boy and girl. If the boy was to adopt a profession, his early tendencies were watched; if he liked to kill things, he was fated to be a doctor; if he loved to save his pennies and go to Sunday school and didn't die young, he was "called" to be a preacher; if he made the best of bargains with his school-mates and always managed to get the biggest bites of apples, at the same time satisfactorily explaining his method to his school-mates, Fate had marked him for a lawyer.

With the little girls, a like table was uesd. The little girl who helped her mother and played with dolls, was destined to "grow up," be married and live happy ever after. If she was studious and loved books, her fate was that of a teacher. Noted zeal in religious matters made her a shining mark for missionary work—and so on.

Quite simple and easy, just as living was. But times have changed: the simple life bores us from the time we leave off liquid foods, and everything is so complicated and specialized some of us die trying to solve the query as to what we were born for.

In the old Bible-thumping days, preachers were divided into two classes: those who could "exhort," send shivers up and down sinners' spines by such smelly, luridness of fire and brimstone and the Wrath of the Days to Come, as to fill the mourners' bench, the amen corner and the contribution box after every service.

The other sort of Preacher was the one who held a fat charge, where everyone was well-to-do and too nervous to have the Hellanddamnation doctrine given them as a steady diet.

The successor of these two is a hybrid production who "specializes" in sermons and doctrine; for the season of "revivals" his services are bid for from church to church; his "drawing" powers are considered as carefully as those of a comic opera star or a song and dance "artist."

He's a theological "expert," in a class by himself. In our law courts, we are right up to date; if a man has money enough, he may call on "expert" testimony to cover everything from his writing to the way he holds his fork when he eats.

In our public school system we have probably the most formidable array of "experts." The Young Idea is given the benefit of "experts" in writing, drawing, mud-modelling, higher thought, higher mathematics and higher music, for all of which the tax-payer pays a decidedly higher tax.

Our millionaires are mostly so because of their ability as experts to water stock to such extent that bonds whose ordinary capacity would be a gill (figuratively speaking), are, by expert manipulation, made to "hold" at a quart.

Our doctors are experts in various departments of our anatomy: one makes reputation and dollars by removing appendixes from every unfortunate who has eaten too much and complained of it. Another discovers all sorts of interesting data which the victim was ignorant of, but which requires expert handling to keep the victim alive long enough to settle the bills.

We have expert politicians who rightly belong in the class of World Wonders.

Women have the hardest time of it: the experts in dress have succeeded in making the average woman resemble a freak from the old time Dime Museum.

The expert beauty specialist will, for a price, remove wrinkles, freckles, skin and bone.

The expert hair-dresser can take a woman five feet tall and ten inches broad at the widest part, pile a mountain of hair above and around her head, leaving room for the face underneath.

We have experts in every department of life covered by the dawn of day, and we are becoming experts at the game of living up to the tremendous pressure set by the other experts who specialize in all we have noted.

A Letter—and a Wail

It's a weary world!

When one has tried to do one's best, and utterly disregarded the cost of kerosene in one's efforts to get facts: and given some old truths in new dresses; and been really moderate in one's arraingment of fads and follies—isn't it hard to get a letter like the following:

"Talladega, Ala. Feb. 7, 1911

"Slang, when used with taste, is effective, and sarcasm and ridicule are weapons not to be despised. But the article by Alice Louise Lytle on page 70 of the last **Jeffersonian** strikes me as being rather flippant without being at all clever. Allow me to say that I am not in the least attracted to any of the sects she seeks to flay; but after a dispassionate reading of the article I am constrained to say that articles such as this, made up of a series of cheap witticisms, are hardly calculated to keep up the standard of good English and real brains we have come to look for in Watson's.

"Let Alice Louise Lytle ridicule what she pleases. We all enjoy it. The articles need not be founded to any degree on fact. But if she must be witty, let her articles have at least that one merit—let them be really funny—not merely coarse.

"Articles such as this cheapen a mighty good magazine."

Wouldn't that make you weep if you had written a perfectly true account of something?

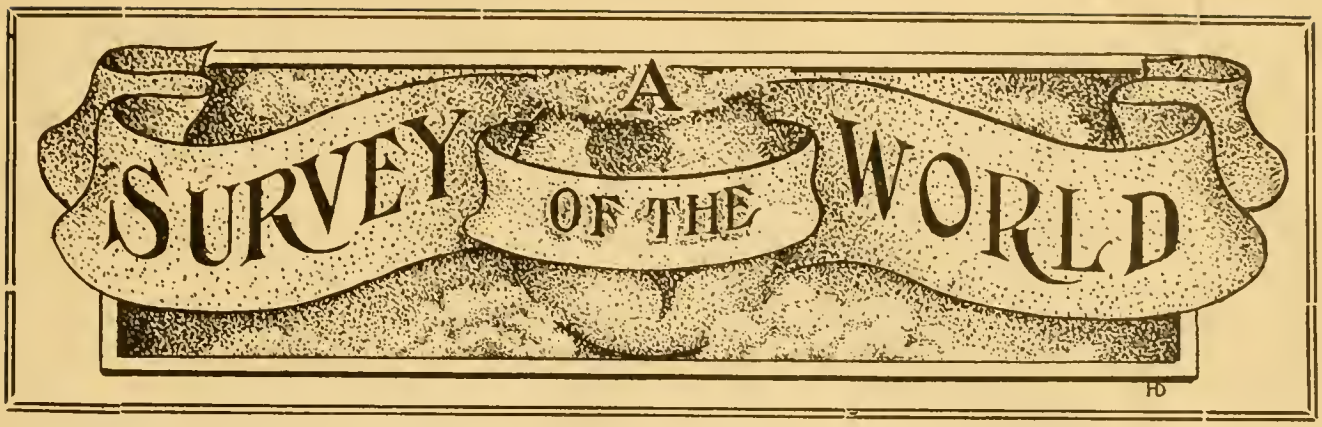
The article in question dealt with the tendency of the Americans to found new sects, miscalled religions.

It is a singular historical fact that Europe—old as it is, has less than one dozen "varieties" of religious modes of worship, while the United States has one hundred and eighty-four.

Heinze and his varieties of pickles are not in it with the religious founders.

Oftentimes it is just such articles as "The Industry of Founding a Religious Sect" which make some people sit up and think. Flippancy often averts tragedy, when introduced at the proper time. There was no "flaying" of any sects, but a simple account of the beginning of those sects under discussion. No "cheap witticism" was aimed at, and it would be an honest favor if the writer of the letter would specify the part which struck him as "coarse."

And, as he avers he is not a devotee of any of the sects referred to, it is forced on me he must be a maker of pills and objects to that honorable (and useful) profession being ridiculed.



By THE EDITOR

APPARENTLY, Congress means to find a few more ways of squandering the people's money. We are to purchase palaces, throughout the foreign world, in which our Smart Set can hold festivities, at the expense of the tax-payers of the United States.

In ancient times, when there were no ocean Grey-hounds, or telegraphs, no cable-lines, no Wireless wonders, it was perhaps useful to station, at distant capitals of other nations, a resident Minister, to keep an eye on events, to receive and carry out instructions, to deliver messages, negotiate treaties, etc.

But in this era of the Argus-eyed press, the instant communication, the swift ocean-liner, the distance-devouring Special, there is no earthly excuse for the diplomatic establishment.

Its functions are merely social; and those who get the benefit should bear the expense.

IT is announced that Charles J. Bonaparte, some time Attorney-General of the United States, is to become a regular contributor to the editorial page of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

May I suggest to the gentleman four subjects upon which he might write, interestingly? The headlines could take the following shape:

(1) Why did not Roosevelt select *a lawyer* for the position which I rattled around in?

(2) Why would I not even scrutinize the evidence offered me by George H. Earle, to prove that the Sugar Trust ought to be prosecuted, criminally?

(3) Why did I become a party to the Steel Trust's absorption of its most dangerous competitor, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company?

(4) Why did I give the Steel Trust half of the battle-ship contract, after it had been underbidden so greatly by the independent Midvale Company?

THE bridal cake at the Decies-Gould wedding cost $1,000.

The parvenu can never improvise the good taste of the thoroughbred.

Had the groom, instead of the bride, financed the wedding, the cake would have conformed to the customary standard.

ADDRESSING the students of Williams College, not long ago, Richard Achilles Ballinger announced that "it is impossible to keep a good man down."

This great and consoling fact is illustrated by the career of Ballinger himself. In fact, he probably had himself in his mind's eye, when he voiced the comforting truth about "a good man." He is the man.

* * * * * *

Hoots! Toots! What's this world to come to, if "a good man" should be denied the privilege of blowing his own

horn, every once in a while? How, otherwise, could we be expected to know which are the good men?

It is a most desirable and refreshing thing to learn that, while all the men that we have buried are epitaphed *as good*, that there are a considerable number if bipeds equally good, still manifesting themselves to us in the flesh.

* * * * * *

Now, take the case of Ballinger—see how the truism works. He was put into the Cabinet by Simon Guggenheim, another good man whom it is impossible to put down. Simon owns nearly everything that Carnegie, Morgan, Robafeller and those two old hens, Hetty Green and Mizzis Sage haven't already nailed down; but he—that's Simon, now—thought that it would make the family fortune look more symmetrical, as it were, if he could steal Alasaka.

To perfect his plan, it was necessary that the Secretary of the Interior should be "a good man," like himself. Dick Ballinger satisfied the requirement, to a gnat's heel. He was, and had long been, "a good man"—a man after Simon's own heart.

So Dick was forked out of nether, dimly-lit regions, where his merits were not appreciated; and he was lifted into a place in Taft's Cabinet, where he found other Unknowns who had also suddenly and mysteriously become indispensable to the highest public service.

Throughout a startled republic, ran the queries—

"Who *is* Wickersham?
"Who *is* MacVeagh?
"Who *is* Dickinson?
"Who *is* Ballinger?"

* * * * * *

We don't have to ask about little Knox. Ah, no! We knew Philander P. Had long known him. He, too, is "a good man" whom it is impossible to keep down. In fact, Philander is so conspicuously and continually good, that his goodness almost ceases to be a virtue. It comes natural to him, like the baldness of his head, and therefore he deserves no especial credit for the same.

But we all had to make the reluctant admission that we had never heard of those other good men that Mr. Taft took to his ample presidential bosom. Former Presidents had chosen, for Cabinet position, men of national repute. Even an inexperienced military man, like General Grant, called for the aid of statesmen of the highest character and ability—men known to everybody. But Mr. Taft peered around in local holes, and fished out little minnows, that amounted to nothing much, even in those local puddles; and, by a coincidence which made the whole country sit up and take notice, he chose, good men who had been brought up as servants of corporations and Trusts.

* * * * * *

By the manner in which Wickersham has favored his client, Sugar Trust, in this country and in the Philippines, we have become convinced that he is a good man.

By the manner in which Dickinson favored the Harriman system of railroads, in that Panama deal, we have learned that he is a good man.

By the way in which MacVeagh has aided Morgan to add to his power and his millions, we have had it demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that he is a good man.

By the way in which Ballinger has done his utmost to gratify Simon Guggenheim's appetite for power-sites and Alaskan coal-lands, he has shown us that *he* is a good man.

MR. GEORGE GUELPH, of England, wears the title of King, and has apparently allowed it to turn his head. Like Billy Hohenzollern, the fantastic Emperor of Ger-

many, he would fain turn us back to Divine Right and Medievalism.

Once upon a time, a member of this reigning Guelph family brought suit against his wife, alleging that she had breached the seventh Commandment. She was acquitted. Referring to the accusation brought against her, she said, bitterly, that the only man with whom she had ever committed adultery was *Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband.*

She meant her royal spouse.

* * * * * *

So persistent was the rumor that George IV. had, while Prince of Wales, secretly married the lovely and virtuous Mrs. Fitzherbert, that the great orator and statesman, Charles Fox, gave his solemn word of honor, in the course of a speech in Parliament, that the story of the secret marriage was a falsehood.

Parliament took Fox's word, and dropped the subject. Nevertheless, the story was quite true. Prince George had deceived his friend Fox, as Fox himself discovered later. He never forgave the King for the deception; although, after a year of alienation, he again became the political ally of the Prince.

It follows, therefore, that the descendants of Mrs. Fitzherbert and of her false-hearted consort are legally entitled to wear what is left of the crown of England.

* * * * * *

It has been rumored for many years that the present King, while Duke of York, secretly wedded an admiral's daughter; and that there are living offspring of the marriage. A story to this effect recently appeared in a Socialist paper published in Paris. The editor, Mylius, was sued for libel by the King of England; and by some sort of subterranean process, he was induced to make no defence. King George did not testify, and did not confront his accuser, who was found guilty, and sentenced to one year imprisonment. This reminds one of the Max Harden case.

* * * * * *

In this connection, we should remember at least three things:

That George V. comes of a race of Kings who have ever been notoriously immoral: in fact, shamelessly so. His father was a rake, from boyhood to old age.

(2) That the George who preceded him invented the phrase, "Perjured himself, like a gentleman."

(3) That his royal namesake, George IV., lied about his secret marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and caused the greatest of debaters, and one of the most noble-hearted of statesmen to solemnly pledge his word of honor to what was absolutely untrue.

Then, besides, think of what the Guelph family would lose by confessing that the rumor is founded on fact! If the marriage was, indeed, morganatic, the offspring would not inherit the royal titles; but the Queen would probably quit the King if it were proven that he has another living wife. His children would feel disgraced; and his own hypocrisy and deception, in the matter, would create such a tempest of condemnation that he would be forced to abdicate. As it is, the English throne is far from steady. This additional discredit would no doubt cause the abolition of the costly luxury of a useless throne.

SENATOR ROOT, of New York, threatens another invasion of the South by the North. He chose a bad time for it. As a stand-patter and Tom Ryanite, he is just the sort of man to make his threat unpalatable to the people of any section. Besides, he would have to begin by invading poor old Virginia again, that might disconcert, if not irritate, Thomas Fortune Ryan.

The cause of Root's anger? O, the nigger, of course! Elihu was the at-

torney who did the dirty work for Boss Tweed and Boss Ryan, but he is mightily agitated because the South denies Sambo his "rights," in the matter of voting and holding office.

If Root's knowledge of law were as profound as it is reported to be, he would realize that the franchise is *a political privilege*, and not a *civil right.*

* * * * * *

We deny the vote to the most gifted, accomplished and elegant woman. We deny it to white young men of twenty years of age, who, in many cases, are as well qualified at twenty years, eleven months and twenty-nine days, as they are a day or so later, when they are allowed to vote.

The Southern States should ignore the 15th Amendment, which was neither proposed by two-thirds of Congress nor ratified by three-fourths of the States.

Instead of these dishonest and cowardly Grandfather laws which Root denounces, we ought to pass acts of the legislature, restricting the ballot to white men.

Then let Root invade us. Such South-haters as he had better remember that the West has a color problem now, and that the Pacific Slope at last understands the South.

THE Senate has passed the Ship Subsidy Bill. This being the short session, limited by law to the 4th of March, and none of the great appropriation bills having yet been disposed of, a mere threat to talk it to death would frighten the Republicans into dropping it. In this way, the late Senator Carmack "scotched the snake" a few years ago. He became too dangerous to the interests, and they had him murdered—just as the same interests had Goebel assassinated in Kentucky. Why did not Senator Bacon, of Georgia, remove from his record the stain of his Lumber Trust vote by obstructing this Ship Subsidy steal, as Carmack had shown could be done? Why did not Senator Bailey avail himself of the opportunity to lessen our resentment of some of his Standard Oil votes by holding the breach and preventing the passage of the Gallinger Bill, which burdens the whole country with the expense of hiring a few men to put to sea? Why didn't LaFollette seize the occasion and make a fight which would have dissipated the growing suspicion that the Presidential bee has had upon him its usual benumbing effect? Why did not the Insurgents block the entrance of that thin edge to what will prove to be a prodigious wedge into our public treasury?

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If Senator Watson, of West Virginia, who was sworn in that very day, had not so speedily forgotten his oath of office, the Ship Subsidy steal would not have been successful in the Senate. His absence made a tie in the vote, which Vice-President Sherman, by his deciding vote, turned into a victory for the Steel Trust and the Harriman Railroad System. Senator Watson is reported as having said that he was compelled to leave before the vote was taken. What compelled him? If business, he should devote his time to it exclusively. If pleasure, he has no proper realization of the responsibility of his high office.

* * * * * *

Congressmen receive salaries of $9,000 each per year, or $15,000 for the average of nine months' work which they do in a two-year term. Each of them is supplied with a secretary at $1,800 per year. They also enjoy numerous lucrative perquisites. Yet it seems impossible to get them to stay at their post of duty and do what they are elected and paid to do. It is a great pity that the people could not, by recalling a few of these unfaithful public servants, teach a healthy lesson to the rest.

ISN'T it astonishing to you that such men as Presidents Roosevelt and Taft should assume that the Executive can negotiate treaties which impair the constitutional rights of the States? In the matter of California and the Japanese, for instance, both of those gentlemen negotiated with Japan, and made diplomatic concessions which sought to override the statute law of California. Neither the Executive nor Congress has any such authority as that. The question is *res adjudicata*, having been decided by the U. S. Supreme Court some years ago, when the Government, by treaty with China, undertook to nullify the Chinese Exclusion Act.

* * * * * *

By the very terms of the Constitution itself, the supreme law is its own Mandates. Next in order come acts of Congress, which conform to the Constitution. Third in order come treaties, negotiated by the Executive, and duly ratified by the Senate. Therefore, a treaty would have to yield to an act of Congress, as the Supreme Court decided—upholding the Chinese exclusion Act as against the Burlinggame treaty.

* * * * * *

The police power of a state is practically unlimited. The Federal Government has no legal right to infringe upon it. This was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Berea College case, which went up from Kentucky a few years ago. There, the point raised—as I remember—was, whether the Legislature had the right to expressly exclude colored students from that institution.

Now, you can readily perceive that, if the President and Senate could, by treaty, force the Japs on California, they have an equal right to force upon Berea College, by a treaty with Liberia or Haiti, colored pupils. It is certainly a very strange thing that none of the papers, magazines, or Congressmen from the Pacific Slope have presented this constitutional view.

CHARLES SCHWAB, of the Steel Industry, went to Europe not long ago. Shortly after he landed, the Japanese war scare resounded in stentorian tones through the subsidized press. Of course, the faithful Hobson re-echoed it with great gusto and apparent enjoyment.

A few years ago, Senator Gorman stated, during a speech in the Senate, that it was necessary for our Government to build battleships in order to encourage the steel industry. This was quite true and had been so for a decade. During Cleveland's administration Andrew Carnegie and his pals were caught swindling the Government out of $275,000 on one war vessel. The millionaire swindlers were let off with a light fine. The same men continued to receive governmental encouragement in the shape of fat contracts to build battleships. And the successors of Andy and his gang get it, too.

Poor little debt-laden Japan! How amusing it must be to her to hear the war scare racket of the Steel Trust, of William Randolph Hearst, of Richmond Pearson Hobson, of John Temple Graves, and the railroad lawyer who is Secretary of War.

AMERICAN politics is full of startling changes, but perhaps there never was a more sudden and complete change of heart than took place with Mr. Taft. During the campaign he expressly promised the people a revision of the Tariff downward, so as to materially reduce the cost of living to the people. After that, he allowed Aldrich and Joe Cannon to take complete possession of him, and to coerce him into signing that damnable new law. At the time he affixed his Presidential signature to this act, he expressed his dissatisfaction with it, declaring that it

was not a complete redemption of the campaign promise to reduce the tariff downward. Later still, he made speeches in which he glorified the Payne-Aldrich bill as the best Tariff law the country had ever known. Now, however, he is in favor of Free Trade with Canada, and the newspapers report him as being in favor of Free Trade with all other countries. To see a corpulent person box the compass in this expeditious manner is almost worth the salary that we are paying to Mr. Taft. We realize now what his secret purpose was in cultivating his agility on the golf links; and we sincerely regret the censures which we heaped upon him for being so fond of play.

The Drama of Life

Will Thomas

The world's a stage, where every mortal plays,
And life, one long, bewildering, whirling maze,
Of ever shifting scenes and changing parts,
Of mirth and song and tears and broken hearts.

Sometimes we play the "hero" for a day,
Sometimes the "villain's" part is ours to play,
Sometimes we're angels for a little while,
At other times we're devils, base and vile.

Sometimes we rise to heights almost sublime,
Sometimes we wallow 'mid the noisome slime,
Sometimes we catch the music of the spheres,
But, oftener still, earth's discords fill our ears.

And so, through life, we move from day to day,
Changing our characters to suit the play,
Engaging all the fine, deceptive arts,
And playing in life's drama many parts.

So, in the scale of life, we rise and fall,
Sometimes its sweetness taste—again its gall,
Treading sometimes far heights with eager feet,
Then plunging down to sorrow and defeat!

Creatures of circumstance, we come and go,
As ocean tide's unceasing ebb and flow,
Are seen but dimly, like some far, faint star,
And none who see us know us as we are.

As a Bird to the Mountains

Anne McQueen

THE month was May, but the sun fairly boiled with the fierce heat of July. The wire-grass by the side of the powdery road was crisply withered. The giant pines, stirred by breaths of hot air, seemed to moan of thirst and parched roots. The wire-grass pony, drawing the clumsy cart, laden with Jethro Dismuke's wife and her sick baby, strained wearily through the heavy sand. Jethro walked beside the cart on the slippery grass, to avoid the baking sand of the road. Jethro had been "chilling" all the spring, and, weakened by malaria, was in poor condition for walking; but he staggered manfully along, striving to cheer Lauretta, his wife, with comforting words. "Tain't much further, honey," said he, cheerily. "We'll git thar by evenin', shore, and then the doctor'll be mighty apt to cyo little Sis. Yes, *sir!* I 'spect he'll cyo her right away. How's she seem to be doin', Lauretta?" He reached over the side of the cart and touched the little head on Lauretta's bosom.

Such a hot little head, throbbing with fever. Lauretta sat on a mattress with the baby in her lap—a pitiful baby indeed, swollen almost to bursting, its skin a transparent yellow from inanition, hardly a red blood corpuscle in the poor, palpitating body, breath coming in short gasps from cracked lips, which Lauretta strove to moisten with a rag dipped in tepid water in a jug at her side.

"Don't seem to me her head's hot as 'twas," said Jethro, hopefully.

Lauretta looked up, despair in her hollow eyes. "My baby's a-gwine to die, Jethro," she said, with dreary calmness.

The baby stirred from a fitful sleep, peering from swollen lids into her mother's face. "Mam, mam!" she cried, weakly.

"Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!" crooned the mother, holding a tin cup filled with the tepid drink to the eager lips; but, when she tasted it, the baby pushed the cup away, with a feeble wail of disappointment.

"Mammy knows the old water's hot, but hit's all she's got to give her baby," murmured the distracted mother, rocking the child back and forth in a vain endeavor to soothe it.

"Never mind," said the father, cheerfully, "we're most to town, and pappy'll git little Sis a drink o' nice cold ice-water soon's we get thar. Don't you go to givin' up, Lauretta, honey. I make shore the doctor'll cyo her."

Lauretta made no reply; the cart swayed heavily through the sand, the silence unbroken save for the baby's piteous wail, "Mam, mam!" and the mother's ready answer, "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!"

Jethro Dismukes and his wife, Lauretta, were not natives of this flat, sandy, desolate country, with malaria rising from stagnant sloughs and ponds; with hot, bitter lime-water for drink and lonely stretches of solemn pine forest for the weary eye to gaze upon. Only the year before they had come, a newly married pair, from the mountains, lured by hope of better prospects in the turpentine regions. In the great forest belonging to the turpentine company, for which Jethro worked, they had settled in one of the rough board shanties hastily put together for the shelter of the employees and their families.

But nothing seemed to prosper with Jethro and Lauretta. Provisions were scarce and prices high at the company's commissary. Jethro took chills and

was often unable to work; and Lauretta, alone as she was a great part of the time, fell a victim to that most hopeless of diseases, named by physicians nostalgia—by its victims, homesickness. She thought of her father's little cabin in the mountains, the log cabin where the cheerful mother, while her spinning wheel whirred briskly, sang old ballads brought from over sea by long-forgotten ancestors; and the troop of hardy children roasted chestnuts and horse-apples and sweet potatoes in the ashes of the wide hearth, and ate them with appetites made keen by the tonic mountain air.

And when the sun beat down on the baked earth and she drank, with loathing, the warm, bitter water from the lime sink, how she longed for the cold, deep spring, whose icy waters gushed from the mountain side.

Lauretta might have pined away and died but for the coming of the baby to ease her aching heart. Life seemed full and happy after that till, with the hot weather and the teething, the baby sickened, growing steadily worse as the summer advanced. The simple remedies to be had at the commissary were tried without avail. Driven to despair, the parents decided to take the child to the nearest town, where there were skilful physicians, and where, also certain good women of the place, The King's Daughters, had built and supported an emergency hospital for such children of their Father as these.

The weariest journey must come to an end. At last the roofs of the town, in groves of moss-draped oaks and huge pecans, came in sight, then the buildings and then the dusty streets, where the sand was even deeper than on the country road. Here Jethro stopped to inquire the way to the hospital. It was close by. The King's Daughters had built on the outskirts of the town, where lots were cheap. Jethro helped Lauretta and the baby from the cart at the door of the small white building and rang the bell.

An old colored woman, the caretaker of the place, came to the door and bade them enter. "I spec' de baby sick!" she exclaimed, sympathetically. "Come right in de front room where it's cool, an' lay it on de bed; den I'll go fetch you some ice-water and 'phone for de doctor. Ain't no patients 'tall here now, so dey ain't no doctor visitin'."

All the doctors in the town tendered their services to The King's Daughters, but the physician who answered the call happened to be young Dr. Lorimer. Fresh from college and full of enthusiasm, he sometimes cured where more experienced physicians failed. One glance at the transparent face of Lauretta's child sufficed to show him the gravity of the case, but he cheered the parents with hopeful and hearty words, and going vigorously to work, soon had his tiny patient as comfortable as she could be made under the circumstances. This accomplished, the doctor indulged in some equally vigorous thinking. Only the most careful and vigorous nursing could save the child, and this the young mother could not give. Nor could the colored nurse whom The King's Daughters hired when extra attention was necessary. There was only one way, decided the doctor, and that would be to beg Miss Lathrop to take the case. Now, Miss Lathrop was a trained nurse who, though she had retired from professional life, could sometimes be persuaded to help her friends out in an emergency. Dr. Lorimer was her pet physician; he had recently pulled her through a serious illness, and he knew she was waiting for a chance to "pay him back."

"It's a shame," he thought, "to take advantage of her gratitude, but, by George, I'm going to do it!" With the impetuous young doctor to think was to act; in a few minutes he was in his buggy, speeding on his way to Miss Lathrop's pleasant cottage, and in an incredibly short time that lady, some-

what breathless from her hurried preparations, was seated beside him, dashing rapidly back to the hospital.

Lauretta sat beside the cot, placed near an open window to catch the faint breeze, and moistened the baby's lips with a tiny bag of crushed ice. Jethro sat at the foot of the cot and looked on, in helpless man-fashion. Hope had revived in Lauretta's breast at the doctor's first visit, and now, when he entered with the capable, strong-faced woman, whom she instinctively recognized as a nurse, a power to save only less than the doctor, her face grew luminous with joy.

"Oh," she whispered as the nurse placed her firm hand on the baby's wrist, "you'll cyo my baby, won't you? You'll shore and certain cyo my baby?"

"I hope the doctor and I together can cure it," replied Miss Lathrop, kindly, "but you must try and be brave if the worst should happen, for your baby is very sick."

"You just keep your courage up in the meantime, Mrs. Dismukes," spoke the cheery young doctor. "I've got lots of hope since Miss Lathrop has consented to nurse the baby. The best thing you and your husband can do now is to go to bed at once. You're both worn out, and Miss Lathrop will call you if help is needed."

And Lauretta, gazing into the calm, trustful face of the nurse, knew that it would be well with the child. Their hearts at rest, that night she and Jethro slept the deep, unbroken sleep of utter exhaustion.

But the baby tossed its feeble arms in fevered unrest, peering through swollen lids at the unfamiliar face, and wailed, "Mam, mam!" in piteous protest at its mother's desertion.

It was late next morning when Nurse Lathrop sought a few hours repose in her own quiet cottage. Before leaving the baby to Lauretta's care she sponged its swollen body in cooling alcohol, clothed it in clean linen, and gave it the morning draught of nourishing stimulant. Day after day she did this, coming back punctually at nightfall; and eagerly did Jethro and Lauretta greet her return, for her presence brought renewed hope and courage. Even the baby learned to recognize her touch as more skilful than its mother's, her ample bosom as a softer resting place than Lauretta's emaciated arms, and hushed its feeble wail at the sound of her voice singing soothing lullabies in the quiet night time.

And the baby grew better; the fever and swelling subsided, the feeble heart grew stronger, and gradually the red blood began to creep slowly through the wix-like limbs. Nurse Lathrop, from taking a professional interest in her patient, began to feel a sincere affection for the tiny being whose wails were hushed at her approach, and who nestled on her bosom with a sigh of content, or regarded her with a curious look of satisfaction in its great dark eyes—eyes full of pathetic beauty, set in a tiny dark face in which the nurse began already to see signs of possible loveliness.

One morning she sat rocking the baby to sleep before she left it in Lauretta's charge for the day, gazing into the pale face and stroking the sleek dark head with tender touches. Finally she rose, sighed, laid the baby on the cot, and after her usual careful instructions to the waiting mother, wended her way to the quiet, shady streets to her own home. She lifted the latch of the white-painted iron gate, walked up the neat path, with its borders of dewy, night-freshened verbenas, unlocked the front door, and entered the dusk of the cool hall. A big Maltese cat trotted up, rubbing against her gown with loud purrs of welcome. In the sitting room could be heard the doleful chirping of a pair of canaries —which speedily changed into a song of rejoicing as she opened wide the windows to let in the morning fresh-

ness, uncovered the cage and hung it in a window, then filled the birds' drinking glass with fresh water, and their saucer with birdseed.

Out in the back yard could be heard the hungry cries of broods of young chickens, impatient for their morning meal. She lighted a fire in the shining kitchen stove, set the kettle to boil and, before making any other preparations for her own breakfast, she mixed a panful of meal for the chickens. As she opened the back door a grave old mastiff rose slowly from his bed on the door mat, and welcomed her with dignity, waving his tail slowly, and lifting his head for the customary pat she bestowed upon it. He followed her with a lordly air of protection down the steps into the yard, where the eager fowls crowded round her feet for the portions of meal she scattered with a liberal hand. She was a social being taking much comfort in the companionship of her animals, and usually had a cheerful morning greeting for them all, but this morning she attended to their needs in a very silent and abstracted fashion.

The chickens fed, she went into the kitchen and prepared her own breakfast. Her breakfast over, instead of preparing to lie down, Miss Lathrop went to the telephone in her hall and called up Dr. Lorimer. "I wish you'd come out here for a few minutes, Boy," she called. "I must consult you."

"All right," came back promptly. "Be with you in ten minutes."

She took a seat on the cool front porch to await his coming. The Maltese jumped on her lap, she stroked it abstractedly, indifferent to the loud purrs with which he demanded conversation. Miss Lathrop was thinking; thinking of the past—the long years of nursing in crowded cities, followed by the inevitable collapse, when, after a long illness, having a comfortable income, the result of years of methodical saving and careful investment, she had come to this quiet town to spend the rest of her life in peace and quiet. She made many friends, and, what with her small household duties, her garden and her pets, had thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of rest and independence. But with the advent of Lauretta's baby a strange unrest had taken possession of her; there now seemed to be a void in the hitherto fulness of her content.

The click of the gate latch interrupted her musings. The doctor was coming, his hat off, for the wind to play through his close-cut curls, his step springy and alert, the light of enthusiasm beaming from his handsome face—a presence calculated to cheer the most pessimistic of patients.

"Well, *confrere*, I've come for the consultation," he said, dropping on the steps at her feet and immediately transferring the Maltese to his own lap, where it placidly resumed its nap.

"The truth of the matter, Boy," said Miss Lathrop, "is this: I find that old Tom and Towser and the birds and chickens don't quite fill my life. I'm getting discontented. I want something *human* to pet."

"Won't I do?" inquired the "Boy," soberly. "You can always have me to pet."

She laughed, patting the curly head at her kne. "You're too big, Boy. I want a baby."

"A baby? Well, if I find any lying around loose I'll bring you one. Trouble is, most folks that own babies have objections to giving them away. Was it a boy or a girl baby you were wanting?"

"A girl; and I've found her already. I want the Dismukes baby."

The doctor whistled. "I'm afraid you'll have to take my offer and chance it; that little Mrs. Dismukes loves her baby better than her life. She'll never give it up."

"It's just this way, Boy: That baby will take months to get well, with the

care I can give her. With her ignorant young mother's attention, and away in the piney woods—for they can't afford to stay here much longer—out of reach of proper food and medicine, she'll certainly die; you know that."

"Yes," responded the doctor, "I'm afraid she will."

"There's no doubt about it. Besides, her parents will probably have half a dozen more. I've saved this one, and I want her—and I want you to persuade them to give her to me."

"Well, I'll do my best. I'll talk it over with them today, and try and persuade them that it is the best thing possible—for the child. I doubt if the mother will see it in that light. In the meantime you go to bed and sleep on it."

"I'll proceed to obey you," said Miss Lathrop, rising. "Do your best for me, Boy, and I'll try my powers tonight."

. . . . . .

It was with fear and trembling that the doctor broached the subject to Lauretta when he made his morning call. At first she could not understand how it was possible for anybody to want another person's baby. Babies had always been regarded as necessary evils by Lauretta's people; her's was —to herself alone—the most precious thing on earth, but that some one else —and that person the nurse, the wisest and most skillful woman on earth, to Lauretta—should want her was more than her dazed mind could grasp. Very gently the doctor told her of all the advantages of Nurse Lathrop's plan. She listened so quietly that he began to think he had overrated her affection for the child, and, emboldened by her seeming indifference, he continued: "On the other hand, if you take the baby back home, even months from now, she will surely die."

These words Lauretta's numbed brain could grasp. Die? Her child *die*, when she seemed so much better?

"Oh, doctor, save her! Jest save her pore little life and I'll do anything you say. *Anything!* I can't see her die, I can't! If the nuss wants her she kin have her, if that'll keep her alive. Will it? Will she be shore and certain to live?"

The doctor was unprepared for this wild outburst; the apathetic creature was transformed; her hollow eyes gleamed, her voice trembled, the breath came in gasping sobs from her heaving breast.

"I believe so; yes, I am certain that, with the care Miss Lathrop can give her, she will surely live. Then you can come and visit her. I am sure Miss Lathrop will not object."

But Lauretta shook her head. "All I want is for her to live. To come and see her when she ain't mine, would kill me! When must me and Jethro go home, doctor?"

"I think the sooner the better for both; tomorrow morning, say."

"All right," replied Lauretta, with the calmness of despair. "Jethro's uptown somewheres; tell him—and we'll go!"

The baby stirred on the cot. "Mam, mam!" she murmured, opening her eyes, sleepily. Lauretta took her up very quietly and rocked her to sleep, her mind still trying to grasp the awful problem of death and no death. The baby would be alive, well cared for, yet dead to her; as dead as if she were buried underground, with the worms crawling over her poor, pale face! Lauretta shuddered involuntarily at the horrible thought. "I'll give her to the nuss," she whispered, with stiff lips. "Tell Jethro, Doctor, and we'll be a-gwine home."

. . . . . .

The cart creaked heavily through the sand; Jethro walked beside it and Lauretta sat upon the roll of bedding within. Her hands were crossed idly in her lap, a far-off, unseeing look in her apathetic eyes.

"We're most there, honey," said

Jethro, cheerfully; "we'll soon be a-gittin' home."

On through the woods where the hands were busily collecting turpentine from the "boxed" trees; past heavily laden wagons, hauling barrels of the crude turpentine to the still, past the still where the spirits were manufactured and where the dwelling of the boss and the company's commissary were located. Still farther, past the small shacks of the hands, till at last their own was reached, a small, lonely cabin in the heart of the forest; no garden, no poultry, no dog even to welcome the returned travelers—the very "abomination of desolation."

And here they lived on. Jethro spent his days at work in the forest, sometimes miles away, and Lauretta saw him only at night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some Heroic and Strenuous Rides With Jeb Stuart

Col. G. N. Saussy

CHAPTER VIII.

PLEASANTON'S mission on June 9th failed to satisfy Gen. Hooker. He was aware of some movement of Lee's infantry, but there was lack of details. Hooker felt satisfied the wings of Lee's army were sufficiently separated to warrant a renewal of offensive action with reasonable hope of success. Accordingly he advised Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck of the situation and desired authority to again assume the aggressive.

Hill, with twenty thousand men, covered the entrenched position near Fredericksburg, sixty miles north of Richmond, while Lee, with Ewell, Longstreet and Stuart was at Culpepper, thirty miles away.

But Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Halleck would not sanction Hooker's proposition, because it would be "perilous to allow Lee to move on the Potomac, while your army is attacking an entrenched position on the other side of the Rappahannock," wrote General Halleck.

"No," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs in front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. I would not go south of the river upon Lee's moving north. *Lee's army, not Richmond, is your objective point.*" On the 13th, Hooker, having now satisfied himself of the movement of the Army of Northern Virginia, was at Dumfries, twenty miles north of Fredericksburg. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed him, "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

But the suggestion came too late. Hooker's army was moving to cover Washington against any aggressive movement of Lee. Lee had taken the Valley route and was rapidly drawing near the Potomac. He knew he could protect his line of march by blocking any of the gaps in the Blue Mountains and prevent any serious interruption upon his flank.

Stuart was left east of the ridge to maintain the curtain against prying eyes. Conforming to the movements of Ewell's and Lonstreet's corps, Stuart advanced Fitz Lee's, Rooney Lee's and Robertson's brigades northward, while Hampton's and Jones' brigades kept watch along the line of the Rappahannock.

Pleasanton, intent upon lifting the curtain, again moved toward the Bull Run Mountains, and on the 17th (June) met part of Stuart's command at or near Aldie. Here the Second division of Federal cavalry, under Gen. D. McM. Gregg, vigorously attempted the curtain-raising act, but Mumford, commanding Fitz Lee's brigade, entered a determined protest, inflicting a loss upon Gregg of 305, while he was penalized to the extent of 119 troopers. As much of the fighting was hand-to-hand, with the sabre, the loss amongst officers, especially on the Federal side, was quite severe.

While the action was in progress near Aldie, Colonel Duffie, with the Fourth Rhode Island Cavalry, under orders to advance through Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, moved as far west as Middleburg. He encountered Chambliss' pickets in the Gap and was delayed there until 11 a. m. Thence proceeding toward Middleburg, at 4 p. m., he struck the pickets Stuart had posted near that town and drove them in so quickly Stuart and his staff moved out with more celerity than dignity.

At 7 p. m. Robertson retaliated upon Duffie, who made a strong effort to maintain his position, but was finally driven from the town and pressed strongly by Robertson. Unfortunately for Duffie, Chambliss had gotten in his rear and he was figuratively between the devil and the deep sea and gave up 200 of his men in killed, wounded and missing.

On the 18th the Federals drove Stuart's pickets beyond Middleburg, but pressed them no farther. That day Mosby captured one of Hooker's staff bearing dispatches to Pleasanton, which advised Stuart he was not only confronted by Pleasanton's three divisions of horse, but also Barnes' division of foot.

On the 19th Pleasanton renewed his attacks and Stuart fell back about one mile, the enemy following him no farther. In this encounter Major Heros Von Bocke, the big German baron of Stuart's staff, received a severe bullet wound in the neck, which permanently disabled him for field service.

That night Jones, moving from the Rappahannock, joined Stuart and on the 20th Hampton also came up, having met and repulsed a body of the enemy's troopers near Warrenton.

Brightly and beautifully dawned Sunday. Stuart now had his five brigades within supporting distance of each other, and three roads reaching toward the Blue Mountains to guard and defend.

Bright and early that glorious Sabbath, John Buford, with his division, moved westward on the road toward Union. Here Jones and Chambliss made grave objections to his Sunday excursion. Gregg's division, backed by Vincent's brigade of infantry, moved against Hampton and Robertson on the Upperville pike. Stuart directed these officers (Hampton and Robertson) to avoid if possible a general engagement. Under these instructions, Hampton slowly fell back, followed by Gregg and Vincent. In the inception of this engagement Hampton had posted two squadrons from the Jeff Davis Legion on the right of the pike and part of the Second South Carolina on the left of the pike, with a section of Hart's battery on the pike.

Soon the enemy advanced, preceded by mounted skirmishers and artillery, by sections, until they had eight or ten guns in position. The artillery opened a rapid and accurate shell fire, directing that chiefly upon Hart's guns and the

Second South Carolina cavalry. The infantry line of battle advanced as far as the branch at the foot of the slope, then opened a vigorous musketry fire.

Finding the Confederate forces too strongly posted to attack in front, a strong flanking force was sent around the Confederate right.

In the artillery duel, the Federals did some excellent target practice, repeatedly striking the stonewall protecting the South Carolina troops and plowing up the pike around Hart's two pieces.

Just about the time the flanking force got in position to compel a retreat by the Confederates, a Federal shell struck Hart's Blakeley rifle right in the muzzle, disabling and putting out of action this fine English gun. This is recorded as the only gun Hart gave up in the four years of intense campaigning, in which that battery made a *world record* of being engaged, in action and under fire *one hundred and forty-three times.* No field battery having excelled this record in four years in any nation or any war.

Acting under instructions to avoid if possible a general action, Hampton slowly withdrew, while the enemy followed, delivering a vigorous artillery and small arms fire.

East of Upperville is a plateau of considerable extent. Across this open, Hampton moved his brigade in column and regiments—the movement being executed with as much precision as if on drill, all the while under a plunging shell fire.

Buford, finding Chambliss and Jones a tough proposition, concluded to pass their front, unite with Gregg and deliver a crushing blow upon Robertson and Hampton. Robertson's brigade was operating north of and Hampton south of the Middleburg-Upperville pike. Robertson was pressed through and beyond Upperville, one of his regiments being thrown into confusion. At this juncture Stuart directed Hampton to assume the aggressive. The Jeff Davis Legion, in the order of movement across the plateau, was the rear command of the brigade. Somewhat excited at the conditions then pending, Stuart rode up to the Jeff Davis Legion, which had been wheeled about, and asked, "What command is this?" He was told it was the Jeff Davis Legion. "Here, you Jeff Davis Legion, you know your reputation—go in there!!" And in they went, striking a regiment on front, then wheeling upon one on their left flank, upon the pike, breaking each.

A fresh Federal regiment coming to the support of those broken, Hampton put in the ever-gallant First North Carolina and again repulsed the attacking regiment. The Tar-Heels being attacked by a fresh regiment, Pierce Young's splendid Cobb Legion swung heavily upon the foe, and thus three times for each the First North Carolina and the Cobb Legion and five times the Jeff Davis Legion "piled into" the enemy, each time encountering fresh troops and taking liberal toll.

Be it remembered that these three commands of Hampton's were fighting Gregg's division, supported by the bulk of Buford's division, as well as infantry.

By this series of mounted charges, Hampton gained ground to the right and front more than half a mile. The Second South Carolina then coming up, assumed the rear of the brigade and Hampton moved off the field, unmolested, at a walk, bringing with him 80 prisoners. In these charges the effective work was done with the sabre. Many a Confederate tropper dimmed the bright burnish of his blade that day with crimson dyes.

In the savage lust of battle the ludicrous sometimes intrudes. While retiring before a flank, also a front fire, my command got caught in a defile out of which it became necessary to move "by twos." We were subjected to a severe fire of shell as well as small arms, and

before my own troop could get in motion, one of the men, a son of the Emerald Isle, usually as witty as *Mickey Free*, caught a bullet in his stomach. To any one who has ever received a severe blow in the stomach, it is needless to tell of the sensation. The breath is almost knocked out of the unfortunate. The striking of the bullet in Private Dunn's abdomen sounded as when an urchin suddenly collapses a blown-up paper bag. "Oh! be Jabers, I'm kilt! Bullies take care of me 'orse!" he exclaimed in a tone of suppressed panic—the unfortunate trooper.

On ambulance detail the same day, was another Patlander named Pat Farrell, a trooper of Company A. Hearing Dunn's painful exclamation, Farrell said: "Say, Pat, if you'r clane kilt, lind me your 'orse to take a wounded man off the field!" "Be gob!" in suppressed voice replied Dunn, "I can't be talkin' about your wounded men!" With that Dunn, doubled up from pain, slipped from his saddle, clambered over a four foot six stone wall, and giving his fine mount a gentle pull, to the surprise of all who looked on, the horse took the cue, vaulted over the fence and Dunn and his mount got off the field. Three days after he reappeared in camp, stating he had found a surgeon who had inserted his probe, located the bullet and with a pair of bullet forceps had extracted it.

In the inception of the battle, the writer found his spurs of serious interference in dismounted movement through the weeds, grass and shrubbery, so unbuckled them and fastened them to the belt of the cartridge box. The carbine he was using was a borrowed gun. After his squadron had exhausted its ammunition and was relieved from dismounted fighting, in returning the gun and equipments to the man from whom he had borrowed it, he forgot to retain his spurs and gave them up also.

Later, when the action ripened into mounted charges, the absence of the spurs became keenly evident. In one of the five mounted charges made by the Jeff Davis Legion, the writer happened on the extreme right, and pressed beyond the alignment of his command in the excitement. When the fresh regiments of the enemy came to the rescue of their repulsed comrades, five blue troopers made a specialty of your correspondent. You know the Texas maxim: "A man may carry a pistol twenty years in Texas and not need it, but when he does need it, he wants it badly." It was at this especial juncture your humble servant felt the urgent need of those spurs.

But my gallant comrades of the Cobb Legion swooped down upon the advancing foe, and a detachment from the right of the line swung off and just gathered in these five officious blue troopers and took them to the rear.

After the last repulse and when we were moving off the field at a walk, I spied a trooper with a mounted prisoner. As I came near I saw the man was suffering from a painful sabre thrust and just squirming in his saddle.

Riding up beside him I said, "Let me have those spurs you have on." "You just ride on," replied his captor, "this is *my Yankee*." Later, when we had corralled the prisoners, I stepped up to one and in an undertone said, "Let me have those spurs; you are going where they will be of no service to you." I spoke low for fear some Confederate might claim a proprietary right in the man and the spurs. "All right, sir," the Yankee responded, and, stooping down, quickly unbuckled the brass appendages to his heels and handed them over and "Richard was himself again."

McLaws' infantry was in Ashby's Gap and was now in easy supporting distance, but as General Lee did not wish to uncover this arm of the service, it did not move out. Some artillery was planted in advantageous positions

and fully commanded the approaches to the gap. General Pleasanton made no further demonstration that day, but withdrew east of Goose Creek, toward the Bull Run Mountains the next morning.

When the Jeff Davis Legion was sorely pressed during the mounted charges, Hampton drew his sabre and calling to the First North Carolina, said, "First North Carolina, follow me!" Major McClellan, noting the incident, wrote: "And those North Carolinians could as little resist that appeal as iron can fail to obey the magnet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Southern Industries

The Lombard Iron Works, of Augusta, Ga.

SEVERAL months ago a series of articles was begun in WATSON'S MAGAZINE to show the industrial development of the New South. It was shown that the South had outgrown its swaddling clothes and each section had developed industries which supplied not only much of the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line, but was encroaching on territory north of it.

For many years after the Civil War, most of the manufacturing concerns which started in the South were poorly equipped with machinery, and the cost of installing it often meant debt for years to the owner.

Cotton mills were not established on the elaborate and complete basis they now stand on; saw-mills were of the simplest construction, and the other industries in which machinery played a great part, were costly in upkeep. Their repairing meant loss of time, added to the outlay of money for transportation to the Northern cities where they were constructed and to which they must be sent for repair and rebuilding.

In 1869 George Lombard had established a modest machine shop in Augusta; he was an expert mechanic and machinist, gifted with that Divine quality—love of his chosen work, and realizing that personal supervision meant ultimate success.

The history of the firm from that day to the present is an interesting one, but it is with the firm as it stands today that we will deal.

From the Village Blacksmith, of the poet's fancy, to the up-to-date machine shop of today is a far cry, but one full of interest. In the large Northern concerns, interest would be centered on the machines and power which spoke for safety and labor-saving. The machine plant of the Augusta concern is right up to the minute in equipment of this sort also, and a visit to the plant is one of the most interesting happenings the writer has experienced.

The output includes repairing and replacing of almost every piece of machinery used in any of the trades. The cotton mills, saw-mills and churches are the patrons from which the shop draws its trade, and full equipments, special machines, repairs on old ones, remodelling of parts of plants, rebuilding of others and the entire construction of a tank for baptism in a new Baptist church were all under way.

Every thing has a beginning, of course, and the beginning of a piece of machinery is—a box of sand.

Imagine yourself in a room whose ceiling is too far removed for you to see it plainly; whose walls are chiefly windows and whose floor is of dirt—

and you will have a very good idea of the birth-place of some wonderful cogs, wheels, boiler-fronts, pulleys, and other data which only a machinist would recognize and appreciate.

A wooden pattern the size, style, and shape, with the number needed, is given the moulder; he has the duplicate in iron, among his effects, and armed with his data, he gets to work. On the earthern floor of this room you may have noticed piles and piles of a fine, black, loamy sand. The moulder takes two wooden forms which seem to be simply four pieces of wood nailed together, forming a box with no top nor bottom, and into these two he packs some of the black sand; of course the boxes are of varying sizes to accommodate the article to be made, but the same operation is gone through with in each intsance, whether a "fly wheel," the front of a furnace, or a lot of little cog wheels are to be made.

When the sand has been packed tightly to the needed depth, the pattern is placed in it; some men were making several things at one time, in one "box." After the pattern had been firmly imbedded, a tiny stream of water was sprayed on with compressed air; this served to pack the sand more firmly, cleanse the pattern of any particles which clung to it and made its removal easy. The other section of the box had been similarly treated and the one placed on the other, with the halves of the pattern facing each other; a hole was made in the top "box," through which the moulten metal was poured, and it found its way into the impressions which the patterns had made in the sand; when this had cooled, the perfect pieces were removed, ready for the few final touches needed to make them ready for use.

Building a saw mill is, perhaps, one of the most interesting and complicated things Lombard's Works do. Every detail is followed out from instructions, and one can follow the make-up from one part of the shop to the final touch. A wooden model of every part of a mill is "stock-in-trade," and from these models the various machines are made.

If you have ever looked at the front of a boiler in a big plant, you may have wondered how the holes for the pipes got there, just as King George wondered how the apple got inside the dumpling. The explanation is rather elaborate, but the actual process is interesting. The front is "cast" in one solid piece. The apertures are marked off in chalk, and the cumbersome piece is carried to a machine which looks like a table without a top: it is adjusted on this and a die cuts a small circular piece out where each marking is: from this machine the front goes to another on a larger scale, where another hole, of greater dimension, is bitten out.

To see a "traveling crane" work gives one an idea of the development of labor-saving devices undreamed of; this crane looks like a tremendous iron beam and travels in a groove on each side of the building; a little glass cage at one end contains an electric switchboard and an engineer: when the signal comes for need of the services of the crane in any part of the buildings, the engineer throws a lever and in less time than it takes to write it, the crane is immediately over the article to be removed; two enormous hooks are let down, fastened to the machine or article to be moved, and when given the signal, the crane travels along, carrying maybe a fifteen-ton boiler or something equally as heavy. As the hooks are on chains, it is a simple matter to convey the crane's cargo to any part of the shops, or to the tracks outside for loading.

A beautiful piece of work which was most interesting was the "smoothing" of some cylinders which were part of the equipment of a cotton mill; two slowly revolving emery wheels were polishing and smoothing these solid chilled-steel barrels until their surface was like a piece of satin.

Can you imagine a machine which would "bite" through a two-inch bar of

iron with as much ease as a sharp knife would cut a cheese? The Lombard Works has one.

Can you think of a steam-hammer giving a blow of thirty-one thousand pounds, but capable of such nicety of adjustment as to make it possible to put a thin wedge of wood beneath it, and have the hammer touch it so gently as to leave it intact? That was done, too.

And to see a bolt made with two movements of a machine—one to shape the long part, the other to form the "head," was also a revelation in quick working.

The point to be made is this: With the industrial development of the New South, all related to the industries is developed also. With the establishment of elaborate plants, comes the businesses which supply the machines, builds and repairs, just as Lombard's shop does.

The shop is an "open" one, though the Union scale of wages is paid and Union hours are observed. Over two hundred men are on the pay-roll, and the firm's dealings with the men has had the happy result of making it difficult to "get into Lombard's," because the vacancies are few and far between. There are old men there who have passed practically their lives in the shop; there are young chaps there—eager, interested, who are rapidly becoming skilled men under the tutelage of the older ones.

An incident, told by one not related in any way to the shop nor its interests, was this: Several years ago a lad was badly hurt in the shops—through no fault of any one—simply one of those unavoidable things which will happen sometimes. He was taken to the hospital, every care and attention given him, and after his recovery his place was ready for him, and he is there now—one of the most loyal of all the workers.

Every Thursday a service is conducted in the shop by a minister of the city of Augusta. This is under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and seems to be very popular with the men.

With such firms as Lombard's the industrial development of the New South is safe. Alive to the value of the place it holds among the commercial establishments, the good it is to the community and the State can only be gauged by the magnificent successes it turns out, and by the splendidly equipped mechanics and machinists it has trained to make those successes.

The Training of Coyote Pete

(C. L. Edson, in The Kansas City Star)

Two tenderfeet came into town to buy some real estate,
Therefore the men of Prairie Fork were feeling quite elate.
The editor was framing up to write a grand hurray
About the "Eastern magnates who are in our town today."
But Coyote Pete had just got full of white mule-fighting booze,
And Pete began a-shooting at the Eastern magnates' shoes.
It was a sight to break the heart of every booster man—
Those glowing prospects from the East, they cut the dust and ran.
Our chance to sell some real estate, it all went up in smoke,
The editor, his heart was crushed when Coyote's pistol spoke,
He took a sprint back to his printshop, up the winding stair.
They watched him hep, and every step he tore his tangled hair.
He grabbed a stick and hit his lick a tossing in the type,
There at his case he ran a race with many a sidewise swipe.
'Twas plain to see, the Bumble Bee was sharpening its sting,
That able sheet at Coyote Pete was going to take a fling.

Next day there was a mighty buzz in Pairie Fork, you bet—
Its snickersnee, the Bumble Bee, had buried in our pet.
Our darling bad man, Coyote Pete, was roasted to a turn.
These were the lines, like pitchfork tines, that jab and smart and burn:
"His blear-eyed bluff quite long enough, old Coyote Pete has run,
It's time this town should turn him down; his usefulness is done.

"This bad man business has played out, and it's a blame disgrace
That nary magnate can loom up, but Pete at once gives chase.
These magnates mean more to this town each minute that they're here
Than twenty thousand Coyote Petes, full of persimmon beer.
We've had enough of Coyote's bluff, we're going to call his hand.
There ain't no place for Coyote Pete here in this promised land,
He's going to wear some gander hair, put on with steaming tar,
He will bestride a rail and ride out where the woodticks are.
The editor will sacrifice his only feather bed,
And buy the tar with which to smear this bum from toe to head;
And furthermore, with his own hand he'll put it on the guy
Who scared the magnates out of town when they came here to buy."

Well, when we read this fiery ed-itorial we knew
That guns would flash and men would clash and blood would fall like dew.
Bill Henry Shank, who runs the bank, he was the pa-in-law
Of Coyote Pete, the vitriol sheet, it touched him on the raw.
He offered fifty plunks to Pete to take his gun in hand
And go and send that editor into the promised land.
Pete swore the darkest colored oats that any man could swear,
The crowd stood waiting in the street while he went up the stair.
The editor was making up when Pete came bursting in:
"I'm going to shoot the blamed ga-loot that wrote that roast on me,"
Pete roared. The editor replied: "I penned that eulogee."
Pete raised his pill box and let fire and split the ambient air,
The girl that wrote "Sassiety," she fainted in her chair.
Pete's bullet hit a font of type; it flew like fountain spray.
The "devil" ducked behind the case and faded fast away.
They heard him sliding down the stairs in "belly buster" style,
The editor stood facing Pete and forced a sickly smile.
Pete fired again. The bullet hit the big imposing stone,
The pressman through the window jumped, and they were all alone.

Outside the murmuring crowd did wait, as at a baseball board,
On which the errors, hits and runs with tardy chalk are scored;
But on this printshop's paintless front no bulletin was writ;
Not bulletins, but bullets, helped the anxious minutes flit.
The only way the crowd could judge each error, run or hit
Was by the thud of flying slugs and booming of the gun,
And the pressman and the "devil" each a-making a home run.

"Great snakes! but that's an awful fight," a citizen exclaimed;
"That editor must sure be dead by now, or badly maimed."
Just then they saw a crimson flood that flowed upon the floor,
And seeped into the public view from underneath the door.
"Pete's killed his man!" the crowd exclaimed. "The fight's gone far enough.
Let's all break in and stop it 'fore he lays it on too rough."
Just then the door flew open and a dreadful form appeared.
From tip to toe the tar-like ink his cringing hide was smeared,
And paper slips like feather tips from 'round the paper cutter
Were sticking in the printer's ink like plumage all a-flutter.
"He's tarred and feather Coyote Pete!" some startled guy did stutter,
And from the rear the editor kicked Pete into the gutter.

It seems the man of ink and type had knocked the Bad Man silly
By swinging the composing stick converted into a billy.
Pete overturned the red ink can, which 'neath the doorsill running
Had fooled the crowd to think that Pete was doing skilful gunning.
The editor had tarred his man from out the black ink barrel,
And feathered him with paper scraps which were his sole apparel,
Then booting him an awful kick he sent him out a-kiting.
Then turned again into his den and calmly went to writing.
He scrawled an editorial to "magnates" in New York
Inviting all of them to bring their wads to Prairie Fork.

The Baby Show Starts

THE JEFFS' Baby show starts off under the most favorable circumstances; for lack of space, we are only able to present six of the pretty babies who have been entered, but by next month we will have an arrangement whereby we may have more space.

HOMER EDWARDS, Atlanta, Ga.
Aged two years, six months.

You will note the wide territory covered by those sturdy, handsome young Americans whose portraits we give you. Kansas, Alabama and Georgia are represented by those whose pictures we publish in this number of the magazine. And aren't they all babies to be proud of?

The conditions are simple—a year's subscription to the magazine, and any baby three years of age or under is eligible.

The prizes are: For the girl baby, a handsome sewing machine, complete with fixtures for the first prize, and a gold locket and chain for the second.

For the boys: A graphophone for the first prize, and a gold watch for the second.

For every baby entered, who does not win a prize, there will be a set of hand-

CORA LEE KITCHINGS, Georgia.

some post-cards, giving views of THE JEFFS' home, and a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Watson.

The contest closes the last week in May, and it will be well for the contestants to be entered as early as possible, as it takes some time to have the cuts made for the magazine.

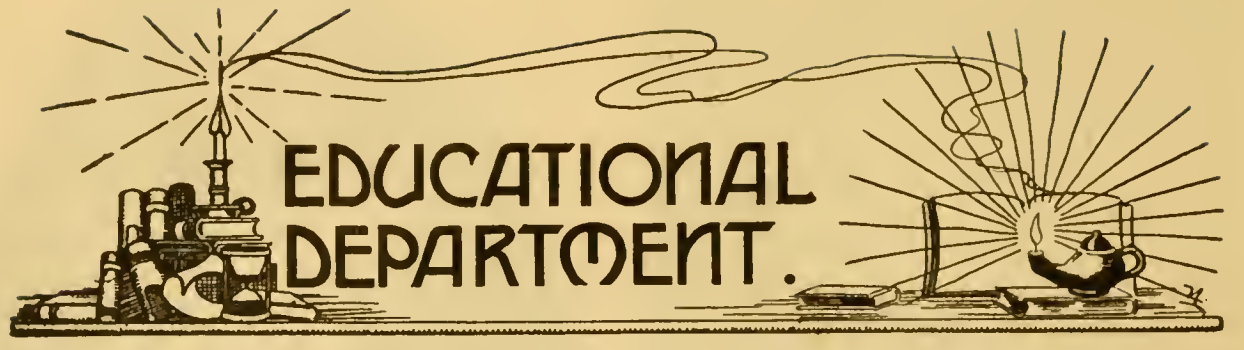
Address the photographs to The Baby Show Editor, WATSON'S MAGAZINE, Thomson, Ga.

THOS. WATSON HOLLAND, Columbia, Ala.

WILLIAM REESE JONES, Calhoun, Ga.
Eighteen months old.

EUGENE FRANCIS TILSON, Minneapolis, Kan.
Seven months old.

GRADY SCONYERS, Columbia, Ala.
Nineteen months old.



MONETARY SYSTEM DOES NOT AFFECT TARIFF.

Hon. T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please answer through the Educational Department of your magazine the following questions:

First. Could the United States maintain the gold standard without a protective tariff?

Second. Can there be such a thing as a standard of value?

Please explain as fully as possible.

Sincerely your friend,

Nettleton, Mo. SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.

First. I do not understand that our monetary system has anything to do with the protective tariff. A system of taxation is one thing, and a system of currency is another. The principles of the two are not in any degree identical.

A nation as rich and as powerful as the United States can maintain any kind of monetary standard. It could as easily maintain a silver standard as a standard of gold. It could discontinue metallic currency altogether and maintain an absolute paper currency, provided it was made a full legal tender and had the advantages which are now given to gold. The supply, of course, would have to be regulated with some degree of common sense and sound judgment.

Whatever the laws says is money. Whatever the laws says shall be full legal tender in the payment of public and private debts, will be money just as long as the credit of the government endures.

It is the legal tender quality which makes the gold dollar a dollar. It is the credit of the government which makes the bond command a premium in the market. The same credit of the government which keeps up the value of the bond, the same legal tender quality which maintains the supremacy of gold, would, if put into the paper currency, do the same thing for the Treasury note which it does for the ten-thousand-dollar bond. The credit which floats the one would float the other, the difference being that the people would pay no interest on the paper dollar, whereas they are taxed to pay interest on the bond.

As to the Protective Tariff, it has no more to do with the monetary system than any other method of taxation would have to do with it.

The government, from the necessity of the case, has to raise enough money by taxation to support itself, and the method by which this money is raised (whether by Income tax, direct tax on land, Internal Revenue tax, or Custom-house duties) has no effect upon the monetary system.

Second. For ordinary, practical and commercial purposes there is and must be such a thing as a standard or measure of value.

I have a house which I wish to sell and which you wish to buy. It may be worth $5,000. You may not be willing to give more than $4,000. We will probably split the difference and close the trade at $4,500. Whatever sum agreed on is, for all practical purposes, the commercial measure of the value of the house. So in any other instance of bargain and sale.

By "measure of value," or "standard of value," we simply mean the number of dollars which we finally agree on as a fair expression of the commercial value of the commodity sold.

Scientifically speaking, there probably is no such thing as an exact measure of value.

It is exceedingly difficult to put into plain English language the true and exhaustive meaning of the word value. But waiving all niceties of expression and subtleties of definition, we are all agreed that when we sell or buy, the price asked or given is, for the time being, the value of the commodity, and we measure it in this country with dollars and cents; in England, with pounds, shillings, and pence; in France, with francs.

Thus the sum of money agreed on is, for all practical purposes, "the measure of value" by which we agree to arrive at the commercial value of the article which changes hands when a trade is made.

T. E. W.

AS TO GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,

Dear Sir: I am a reader of your strikingly clean-cut publication, and I frankly enjoy it.

Will you please answer this question through your Educational Department?

If the government owned the public utilities, would there not be just as much danger of a trust combine, and graft among the officials having the utilities in charge as there is in the great uncontrolled trusts of today? Respectfully,

Jacksonville, Fla. READER.

Answer.

I do not think that government ownership of public utilities would be subject to the abuses suggested.

Freight and passenger rates, express, telephone, and telegraph charges, would all be levied by the public for the benefit of the public. The revenues would all go into the public treasury.

I do not see how there could be a trust combination or systematized graft among the officials having the several utilities in charge. Of course, a dishonest man, having access to money, will steal, and we have a good deal of theft in our Post Office department, but experience has demonstrated that irregularities in the postal service are always caught up with, always checked, and the criminal punished.

The Post Office department never becomes oppressive to the people as a system. Individual instances of injustice and wrong will occasionally occur, because human nature is not perfect; but, in the main, the Post Office department seeks the public good and is one of the most beneficient institutions of modern times.

If the express companies and a parcel post were attached to the Post Office department, and the telegraph and the telephone were made also a part of this system of transmitting news, the results would be overwhelmingly favorable.

This is shown by actual experiment in Great Britain and most of the countries of Continental Europe.

So, also, if the government owned the railroads, I do not see how they could be used oppressively, as they are under private management. All the charges for transportation would be laid by public officials under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some similar tribunal, and the revenues would flow into the national treasury just as the revenues from tobacco and whiskey and imported goods now go into the public treasury.

Of course, rogues might steal a considerable sum of money, but the system would not be used to oppress the public systematically, as is now done.

This truth is demonstrated by the fact that no such abuses as you fear have been known under public ownership in England, Germany, and other countries where that principle is now in operation. There is all difference in the world between a system in which the revenue from public utilities go into the pockets of private individuals and a system in which those revenues go into the public treasury.

Freight rates, passenger rates, telegraph rates, telephone rates, express company rates, street car rates, would all be published. Every citizen would know what to pay and would pay no more. Therefore it is impossible for me to conceive of a trust or combine in which the officials operating the public utilities could put any considerable sum of money in their pockets without detection and punishment following immediately.

The railway corporations have robbed the people of at least five billion dollars by watering their stock and compelling the people to pay dividends upon this fictitious capital.

Compare this colossal robbery, which goes on from year to year, with any possible petty theft which might occur under public ownership, and it seems to me your mind will have no difficulty in deciding in favor of public ownership. T. E. W.

FROM A WATSON IN OHIO.

Hon. T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir: I am sending you, under separate cover, an article on the "Old Northwest," on the life and character of my grand-father, David Watson, thinking that perhaps it might be of some interest to you. Of course, I am familiar with your illustrious career and I have heard it intimated that there was some degree of relationship between us. A great admirer of yours and acquaintance of mine once told me that you had inquired of him about me and stated that we were distantly related. As you will see, through the article I send you, my grandfather was born on the eastern shore of Maryland in 1783. I have often heard him say that all his brothers (and he had four or five) went South, while he came West. I know that there are Watsons in Richmond, Va., who are cousins of mine, we being descended from a common ancestor. It was my intention to send you this article soon after it was published, but in some way it was mislaid and I just came across it again yesterday.

I have followed your course from time to time with much pleasure and interest. In politics, I greatly differ from you, being a very strong Republican. I had four brothers, each of whom was a Democrat and each of whom was a soldier in the Union army. They were all men of character and influence in their community. Two of them were colonels; the others were quite young men when they entered the service. There are some things in politics that I think I could agree with you about, notably, perhaps, the influence of centralized wealth on American life and civilization. If you will read the article I send you, you will notice that I was elected Attorney General of this state some years ago. I was then quite young—perhaps the youngest man ever elected to that position. While Attorney General I brought an action in the Supreme Court of this state to oust the Standard Oil Company from Ohio from its franchise. This was the most notable suit, perhaps, ever brought in this state and was the first case of its kind brought in the United States, and is, perhaps, the leading case of the republic to be found in American jurisprudence. It is reported in 49th Ohio State and is entitled "The State of Ohio on the relation of David K. Watson, Attorney General, against the Standard Oil Company." It was while preparing my argument in that case that I got my impression of the influence of centralized wealth on our commercial life. From that time till this I have believed that the centralization of great wealth in a few hands is injurious to American prosperity as it has been managed. I am not an enemy of wealth; I realize that the great achievements of modern civilization in a commercial sense can only come through the avenue of wealth, but wealth in this country must be taught obedience to law and it is the disregard of law on the part of the vast trusts and combinations in the United States of which I complain.

I am also sending you a circular which the publishers of my work on "The Constitution of the United States" have recently issued. Please do not regard my sending you this circular as a suggestion that you buy the book. It is not sent with that view and if I thought you would so regard it, I would not send it to you. It is only to let you know that one who is perhaps a distant relative of yours has been interested in the line of the constitutional development of the United States. The book cost me years of study and investigation.

I have no information concerning my grandfather which is not contained in the article I send you, but I am impressed with the idea that you are a decendant of one of his brothers and that there is perhaps some relationship between us. No doubt you are far better qualified to express an opinion upon this subject than I. Should you feel sufficiently interested in this matter to give me a short sketch of your paternal ancestor and state whether or not your grandfather was born on the eastern shore of Maryland, I will greatly appreciate it.

Trusting that in sending you the article and in writing you as I have, I have not passed the limit of propriety, and assuring you of my very high personal regard, and hoping that I may hear from you at your early convenience, I am,

Yours, with very great respect,
DAVID K. WATSON.

Columbus, Ohio.

Answer.

I am very much gratified to receive Mr. Watson's letter, and I feel confident that we are derived from the same parent stem.

Our family is an original Saxon one, the name **Wat** being one of the oldest in the language. Our people lived along the Scotch Border, and belonged to the upper middle class. Among them have been admirals, generals, scientists and doctors of divinity. I was interested to come upon the fact, while reading for my "History of the South and West," the other day, that there was a Thomas Watson who was a friend of Captain John Smith, of the Virginia colony.

The distinguishing traits of our family are red or auburn hair, blue or gray eyes, florid complexion, tall straight men and rather slender women.

I am interested in what you say of your case against the Standard Oil Company in Ohio.

It may not be out of place to add that after four years of arduous struggle and the expenditure of about $30,000, both **Jeffs** are on a fine basis. The demand for them seems to increase. T. E. W.

ON "MUNICIPAL INSURANCE."

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: During the campaign of 1896 I heard speeches by the biggest guns of both parties and have since held to the opinion, then formed, that you delivered the ablest address of all of them that was in Nashville. What I admired most was the outspoken expression of opinion of men and measures.

Wont you now give a like expression of opinion, through your magazine, of insurance—life and other? If a man bets something like an even break, on a horse race he is thought to be on the downward slope, and running himself. If the same man can get a thousand to fifty odds that he wont die within a twelve-month, he is considered a protector of widows and orphans; and is told by the insurance agent

who gives him the odds that nearly all the preachers of nearly all denominations make similar bets. Is it the larger odds offered by the insurance man which makes his kind of gambling so eminently proper? Does the fact that insurance is gambling on a man's own life, make it less heinous than gambling on a horse race—on a game of cards, or dice? If insurance, boards of exchange and other large speculations are gambling, do they stand in the same relations to lesser transactions that grand larceny does to petit larceny in stealing? Is the effect of the operation of these and other forms of the same thing brought together in the unearthing of prices and values? Could not the government of the United States or the government of any other country prohibit the carrying or sending abroad of its medium of exchange? If not, why not? And could there not be an universal exchange for the settlement of international balances, or how about an universal medium of exchange? Would it be as difficult of attainment as an universal language? Very truly yours,

ROBERT H. HOUSTON, Jr.

Winchester Springs, Tenn.

Answer.

Insurance is a good thing; the principle is all right. However, we ought to have state or municipal insurance, as they do in Germany, and insure one another. In this way the enormous profits which go to private companies would inure to the benefit of all.

For instance, if Atlanta should adopt this plan, and men should pay to the municipal government what they now pay to private companies, I believe that the entire city government could be run on the profits. T. E. W.

LATIN AND GREEK NOT NECESSARY FOR A LAWYER.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: In your magazine, so-called the "Jeffersonian" magazine, I noticed a very strange and astonishing article on the subject of Latin and Greek, in answer to a query of a young man who intended to study law, in your issue of September, 1910.

I have shown it and spoken of it to several fine Latin scholars here in Tennessee, and they think that you are very wrong in advising a young man as you have. They are of the opinion that you think the time spent in studying Latin and Greek was lost, and that you didn't or was not able to grasp it very well, and therefore that time should have been spent more profitably in making dollars and cents. Or possibly you had never studied Latin and Greek, and therefore, from the viewpoint of unlearned and narrow minds, cannot see the use of anybody else studying it.

The method is not antiquated by any means. The Latin and Greek text books are revised up to date, and taugh by up-to-date methods. Greek is spoken by the whole Greek nation, and lies at the foundation of our language. Unless you know Greek and wish to be a minister you will be at a disadvantage, for it is astonishing how many different meanings can be read into Scripture. The translations in cheap binding you speak of convey the translator's thought and possibly not the original, and therefore the only way you can understand the original thought is by studying the original.

You know very well that the Latin roots and principles of grammar lies at the root of the English language. You cannot understand your own language very well unless you understand the Latin. I have had my understanding and enjoyment of reading and of grammar in English increased by understanding the Latin perhaps 100 per cent. If you understand Latin well you learn the French, Spanish, Italian, and Portueguese without any trouble. In fact, there is a professor here who was a fine Latin and Greek scholar, but who never had studied Spanish. He picked up a Spanish book one day and was able to read it well without any preparation whatever. In commercial life, these romance languages are used very much, and are almost indespensible in foreign trade.

Therefore I cannot see that simply because a language is dead, is any argument for not studying it. Your advice is just the kind for mental drones, who are very prevalent in school life.

French and German are taught in every up-to-date school and college and in most public schools the manual Arts and Sciences are taught. You must be behind the times in regard to such subjects. I studied United States history and Civil Government in the eighth grade, and there is a full and comprehensive history course of study here in the Memphis High School.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," and the great men like Calhoun and Webster, will have their names live probably longer than Lincoln or Jackson. They did not study Latin or Greek simply because they had no opportunity to do so. It would not have hurt they if they had. Hoping to hear from you in the future, I am, Yours respectfully,

FORREST WASHBURN.

Memphis, Tenn.

Answer.

The fact that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is not at all necessary to the success of a practical lawyer is proven by the career of so many great practitioners who knew nothing about either language. I

did not say that a mastery of Latin and Greek was not an elegant accomplishment, nor that they might not be useful. My statement was confined to the limits of the question proposed, to wit, that they were not indispensable to success at the bar.

Mr. Washburn must be entirely unacquainted with my past and with my literary work, else he would not—as he virtually does—rake me as a narrow-minded ignoramus. It might be well for him to inform himself upon that subject before remonstrating with me again upon my effort to encourage young men who are not financially able to take a collegiate course.

As for myself, I not only stood well in the Latin and Greek classes in the Thomson High School, but did so in Mercer University.

I frankly confess, however, that I think our whole system of education needs readjustment to modern conditions. It is nothing less than a national tragedy that so many thousands of our young men and women, who are to pursue, throughout life, the ordinary vocations, should be wasting many precious years acquiring knowledge which will never be a bit of practical benefit to them.

As to learning the origin and definition of words, Mr. Washburn's position is orthodox, but nevertheless absurd. Our writers of real creative genius pride themselves on their ability to fitly use, to the best effect, the short, strong English word, and the simple, flexible English idiom. The orator or author who makes a practice of using the lengthy, unfamiliar word, derived from dead languages, makes a great mistake. He seldom fires the mind or melts the heart. Those speakers and writers who are most useful and popular are those who use the English language. Let Mr. Washburn compare Goldsmith with Dr. Samuel Johnson. The first spoke and wrote in English, pure and simple; and his books will probably live forever. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, employed the Latin derivatives, and his books are now dead.

Let Mr. Washburn read the speeches of John Bright or of Daniel Webster, and compare them, say, with the public addresses and state papers of the late Grover Cleveland, and he'll see what I mean.

To say that we must learn our language by studying some other would take us back to the Tower of Babel, and beyond that to the dawn of Time. Some of our most expressive terms come to us from the native American races; therefore, Mr. Washburn's theory would require us to study, not only the language of the Incas, from whom the very name of our country is taken, but also that of the North American Indians, many of whose words we use, and many of whose names still cling to our rivers, mountains, valleys, etc. If we must study Latin and Greek to learn the true meaning of that part of our language coming to us from that source, does it not follow as a logical consequence that we must also master the French, the Italian, and the German? If we can't understand English without learning the Latin and Greek to which some of our words are traced, wouldn't we, after having learned the Latin and Greek, be driven, by the same logic, to learn the origin of those Roman and Greek words which were taken from other languages? There is not, and probably never was, a language that is absolutely pure; therefore, the claim that we can't learn one without studying another is clearly wrong. According to that theory, a boy would have a gray head before he got ready to start in life. The truth of the business is that any boy who has the right stuff in him, and a good High School education can make his way through life to the very summits of success.

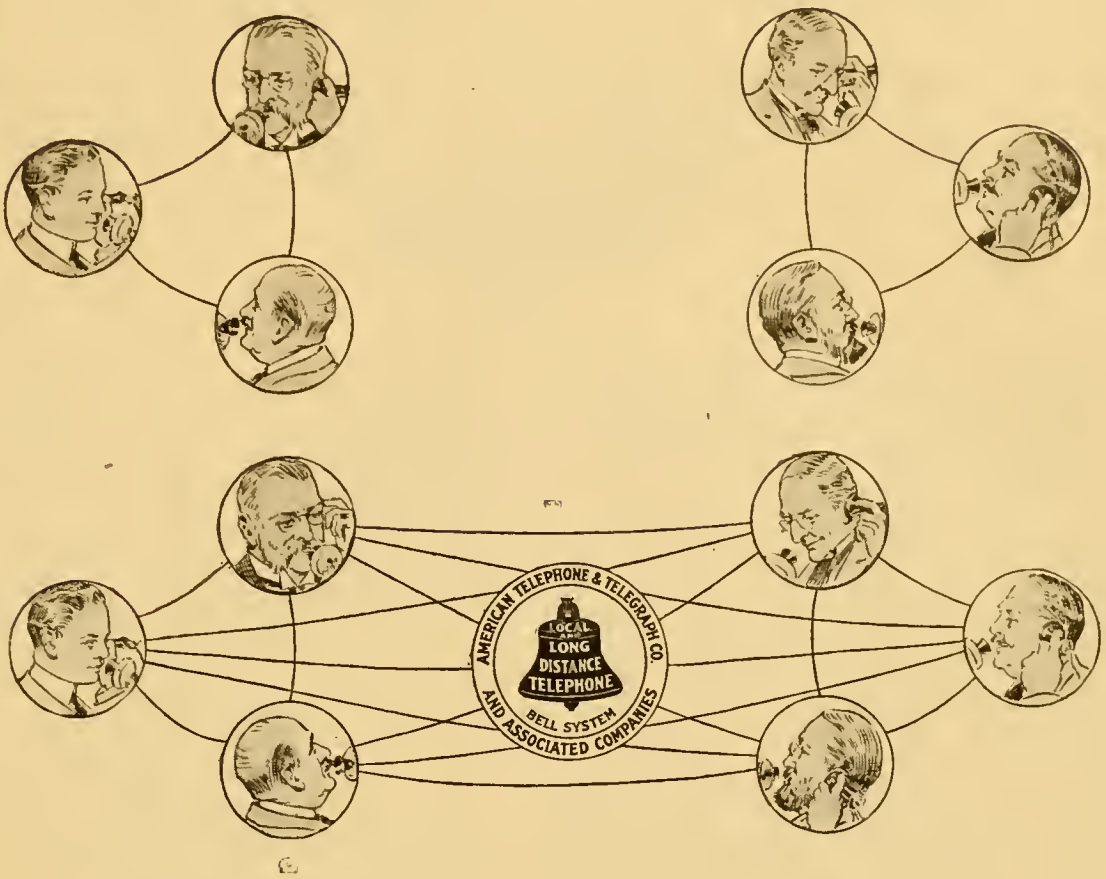
As to a foreign language being necessary to an ambassador, minister, or consul, even that isn't true. The interpreter is an established institution throughout the world, and even if he were not, the comparative few who seek and get those positions can learn the language in a few months. The ministers of the gospel, who mean to labor in foreign fields, can do the same thing.

My purpose was to put heart into those young people who have been told that they can't succeed in life without a college education. Many of them have been discouraged by such statements. They need not be, and I am constantly telling them so.

As for the man who could read Spanish because he knew Latin and Greek so well, has he ever said or written anything that amounts to anything, as a result of his learning?

T. E. W.

Union Increases Use



When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

Take the simplest case — two groups, each with three subscribers. As separate groups there are possible only six combinations—only six lines of communication. Unite these same two groups, and instead of only six, there will be fifteen lines of communication.

No matter how the groups are located or how they are connected by exchanges, combination increases the usefulness of each telephone, it multiplies traffic, it expands trade.

The increase is in accordance with the mathematical rule. If two groups of a thousand each are united, there will be a million more lines of communication.

No one subscriber can use all of these increased possibilities, but each subscriber uses some of them.

Many groups of telephone subscribers have been united in the Bell System to increase the usefulness of each telephone, and meet the public demand for universal service.

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In writing to advertisers please mention **Watson's.**

The Religion of Beauty and the Impersonal Estate, by Ralcy Husted Bell. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge, New York City.

Written by an apostle of optimism, the book is an inspiration. It is a poem—written partly in prose—so full of the love and hope and joy of living, that no one can read it without being a better man or woman for having done so.

Of artistic form and genuine literary merit, finished and well-rounded in phrase and sentence and paragraph, the thoughts it contains are gems of something far higher than philosophy.

The man who wrote the "Religion of Beauty" has a heart of pure gold. His eyes are wide open and while he sees and recognizes that there are ugly things in life, he steadfastly turns away from the sordid and mean and points his readers to the good, the pure, the true, and shows them that even in life's trivial round of daily duties, that are sometimes denominated common, the seeing eye and the open heart can find a wealth of beauty that lifts each day just a little nearer to the stars.

Let those who love the open, the sea, the sun, the stars, go to those chapters and read the translations which have been made from the "manuscripts of God" and then go forth and find new beauties that eye hath not seen before. Doing this will enable one to say with the author, "Day after day my impersonal estate grows larger and sweeter and holier as the days link and weave themselves into years and the years into fulness of life and life into the meaning of love and love into the religion of beauty."

Let those who love the quiet library, whose fingers caress tenderly the pages of that favorite book, follow him there and thank him for pointing out treasures before untold in their already cherished stores. Thank him also for adding another jewel to the real wealth of the world in the sending forth of this book. It is one we will love to keep where we can read it once and then again and still again.

"Beyond our sphere of thought and ken—
Beyond the reach of mortal men,"

as he says in that poem on the "Passing of a Holy Man," which thus begins and ends with,

"And whither bound, I do not know;
I only know the music's flow
Hath ceased to pass the gates of breath;
And out upon the sea of death,
A snow-white sail is swept along,
And fades and endeth some sweet song."

JULIA LESTER DILLON.

The Root of Evil, by Thos. Dixon. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Thos. Dixon's new book, "The Root of Evil," is an exciting story of the Wall Street Panic, with a love romance interwoven.

Jim Stuart, a young Southern lawyer of very strong convictions that truth and honor are more than all else, goes to New York to practise—and makes his home with an old friend of his father, Dr. Woodman. Dr. Woodman, an old soldier of a benevolent disposition, gives free his help as a physician to the poor and is their friend in all ways. He has a little girl, Harriet, who studies to become a musician. She is of a gentle, loving disposition and aids her father in his work among the poor and needy.

Working as a druggist he has in his employ a young man of poor parents from North Carolina. This man, John C. Bevins, steals a formula of a drink Dr. Woodman manufactures and by this secret makes a fortune, forms a trust and forces Dr. Woodman to close his drug store and lose all he has. Bivens makes fabulous sums and his joy in life is the game of crushing others to give him power and money.

He marries Nan Primrose, the sweetheart of Stuart, who loves gold and luxury and admiration.

As Bivens' health fails, she tries to keep Stuart, her lover, but he withstands her charms and finding she had poisoned her husband, leaves her.

Harriett developed a wonderful voice and sang successfully in grand opera. Stuart realizes she is a noble woman and loves and marries her.

In his description of Bivens, Mr. Dixon

NEW SDC YORK

The influence of the individual investor in the world of finance is comparatively insignificant. The financial power, however, which is created through the united action of many individual investors may exceed that exerted by the strongest banking syndicate.

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1451	Army and Navy Officers
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785	Bookkeepers, Stenographers, etc.
1493	Clergymen (All denominations)
107	Consuls and Ministers of Foreign Countries
626	Contractors
2855	Corporation Directors and Officials
807	Dentists
751	Druggists
728	Electricians
2418	Engineers and Skilled Mechanics
410	Farmers
124	Hotel Proprietors and Managers
586	Insurance Officials, Directors and Agents
321	Journalists, Publishers and Printers
1474	Lawyers
988	Manufacturers
3284	Merchants
1667	Physicians
687	Professors and Teachers
1384	Public Officials
1397	Railway and Steamship Directors and Officials
135	Real Estate Dealers
1217	Retired (Including Trustees)
186	Stock Exchange Members
162	Students
1686	Telephone and Telegraph Officials and Operators
1861	Women, married
1744	Women, unmarried
4538	Miscellaneous Occupations (less than 100 in each classification)
7029	Occupations not given, but probably distributed proportionately among above

Such confidence as is evidenced in these figures entails a moral and business responsibility which is not lightly held by the Sterling Debenture Corporation.

In the reasonable expectation of the larger returns that reward creators of new business values you are often justified in temporarily foregoing such immediate returns as are offered by most listed stocks. We have some interesting information to give you with reference to an investment opportunity of this character. Write for it.

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gives him traits of Belmont, Ryan, Harriman and Patton, and in his fight against death and disease shows that money can not cure him or buy off death, but it is the Root of Evil.

It is a very interesting novel and different from any other works of the author.

A. W. L.

The Sovereignty of the States. By Walter Neale. The Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington.

In the first division of this exceedingly interesting and valuable contribution to the literature bearing upon the genesis of the United States, Mr. Neale demonstrates the fact that the right of self-government was granted to the Colonists in the original charters of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. He also establishes firmly the fact that each of the thirteen original colonies was an independent kingdom—that is, independent of the others.

In his second division, he refers to the fact that the old confederation—for there were three instead of one—were genuine republics. Perhaps a name which more properly applies to and explains them is **confederation, or league.** Those American republics, preceding the adoption of the present Constitution and the formation of the present Federal Government, were practically identical with the Swiss confederation of today. Most of the states were pure democracies; and the constitution of the state of Georgia contained the referendum—a fact not generally known.

In the third division of this splendid little book the author describes the method which converted the constitution of our country from a compact, intended for the good of all the people, into a license to concentrate absolute sovereignty in the Federal Government, in order that its irresistible machinery might be run in the interest of a favored few—the result being the accumulation of the wealth of the country by the specially privileged, and the ruin or enslavement of all others. Of course, the Federal Courts have been the main instrument by which this dire change has been wrought. The men who framed the Constitution had no confidence in the capacity of the people for self-government. It is highly probable that they created those life-tenure Federal judgeships with a full knowledge of what would be the consequence.

Mr. Neale will pardon me for correcting him in one point: the colonization of this country by the English was not due to the fact that Queen Elizabeth foresaw the time when the food required by the English could not be obtained in their own country. He should have realized that the same motive actuated the Protestant colonizers as that which inspired the Catholic settlements. The first purpose stated by the leaders of the colonizing movements was the conversion of the native Americans (the Indians) to the Christian religion. This declaration of paramount purpose is found in the charters of Spain, France, Portugal, and England.

Memoirs of Albert Pulitzer and American Journalism. By his son, Walter Pulitzer. John Long, London, Publisher.

Albert Pulitzer has been called "the father of the modern newspaper." This biography by his son and literary executor, himself a well known writer and editor, promises to be the most important contribution to journalistic history published in many years—an unwritten chapter thus far of the workings of journalism from the inside during the last half century. Some sensational disclosures may be looked for, and many new and interesting sidelights on men and things, intimate letters and anecdotes, travel notes, etc., etc. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of The New York World, and a brother of the subject, of course, figures in the work.

The illustrative features are unusual, a number of rare and heretofore unpublished family photographs being included in the volume, together with many others of noted persons and places. Many letters, pages from old newspapers, etc., are reproduced in fac-simile.

A TRIBUTE TO WATSON'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

My Dear Sir: I have just finished reading, also re-reading your "Life of Napoleon," and, although unknown to you, I cannot resist the temptation to express my profound satisfaction and delight in its perusal. I have always said that some American must write the life of that extraordinary man, "the greatest character in history." Abbott is too fulsome; Sloan is better, but lacks in detail, which yours so wonderfully possesses. After reading yours, with what contempt does one regard the work of such as Scott, Allison and other Englishmen, save Roseberry and possibly Hazlett. As for Frenchmen, their work is too much influenced by their political views to have much value, particularly Laupsey and Tanic and as for theirs, it is too ponderous and lacks what yours possesses, a wealth of detail which is astonishing and yet so satisfactory.

Your work is bound to have the historic value it so highly deserves. It has but one defect, instead of 704 pages, one wishes it were 1408 or 2112. Anyhow, I want to thank you for it and hope there will be many editions.

I am glad to learn that it is for sale at Brentano's, in Paris; however, it is strange that more interest is taken in all that

A SHOWING OF

Life Insurance *Vs.* Commercial Enterprises, Banks, Trust Companies and Railroads

According to Bradstreet's

Says the *Western Underwriter:*

FROM THE "WESTERN UNDERWRITER" SEPTEMBER 10, 1908.

During the past ten years, according to Bradstreet's, there have been over one hundred thousand commercial failures, with liabilities of over $1,500,000,000.

During the past ten years six hundred banks and trust companies have closed their doors, with liabilities of over $380,000,000.

During the past ten years there have been ninety-three railroad receiverships, with stock and bond issues involved of over $6,000,000,000.

While for life insurance it can be said that for more than thirty years there HAS NOT BEEN ONE SINGLE FAILURE of an old line life insurance company which has been continuously on a legal basis.

BRADSTREET'S.

Think of the comparison and place some of your money in LIFE INSURANCE

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International Life Insurance Co.

of ST. LOUIS, MO.

It is the Most Aggressive. It writes a Triple Option Policy. It operates under the Insurance Laws of Missouri. They are the Best. It gives more Insurance for the Dollar than any Company.

Write our General Agents at NASHVILLE OR OTHER STATES

GET INFORMATION

Provide for Old Age NOW. Protect Your Family.

concerns the career of that extraordinary man in America than in France.

When in Russia some years ago I met young Louis Napoleon, son of Prince N. and grandson of Jerome. He was a general of cavalry. Dr. Evans told me in Paris that he asked the Empress (now Dowager Empress, widow of Alex III.) to put him in the Russian army; he is the brother of Victor, who was married the other day in Belgium to Princess Clementine. Louis is very much esteemed, while Victor is not, being more or less ostracised.

One does not wish to be critical in any single degree, but I notice you say Napoleon could have called in the Jacobins to his aid in 1814-15, but would not do it, dreading their influence later; therein I agree with you, but when you say that in Russia in 1812 he could have called to his aid the peasantry—serfs—of that country, but would not, I hardly think you are right; I am somewhat familiar with that country and I do not believe that even that master mind could have made any impression upon the slavish, ignorant mind of the Russian peasant of that period, or of the present, for that matter; however, you have undoubtedly fortified yourself with authorities or you would not have made the statement. When in Russia, I passed over the battle field of Barodino, stood on the Vellini tower, from which he saw Moscow in flames, was in the room in the Kremlin palace where he slept; I also have been in most of the palaces occupied by him in Europe, Schonbrun, Milam, Tuiliries, etc., and only three months ago visited Madrid's famous palace where he said to Joseph, "My brother, you are better lodged than I," and saw therein the apartments he occupied, and in all Europe there is no palace in Europe—save possibly Windsor—whose interior is more attractive.

I have visited most of the battle fields of that famous man, certainly all of the principal ones. In 1856, I slept on that at Maringo, and in 1857 rode donkey-back over that of the Pyramids; almost all those of Northern Italy and Waterloo in the summer of the latter year; later, Austerlitz, Wagram, Jena, Ulin, etc., etc.

Well, I am not going to weary a man like you in further detail as to what I have or have not done, but only speak of it to show you that I am somewhat better able to judge than some others as to the ability displayed by you in your book.

I am spending this winter in the South, my home being in New York City, for we —some of us, at any rate, in advancing years—like to escape the rigorous winds of the frozen North and imbibe the ozone that comes with the trade winds of this region of the country.

Again thanking you for the pleasure you have given me in your book and wishing you every success in life, I am,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Miami, Fla. SAMUEL C. REED.

MR. WATSON ATTACKS DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

One would think there was nothing left to say about the battle of Waterloo—that wonderful climax of the most tremendous quarter of a century in the history of France. But Thomas Watson, in his "Waterloo" (Neale Publishing Company), takes a new position by questioning the good faith as well as the ability of the Duke of Wellington in regard to that conflict. He says that Wellington entirely disregarded the pledge he had given Blucher at the conference in May, that he wrote Blucher a letter on the morning of June 16, that was full of deception; left his troops widely scattered when the enemy was upon him; gave orders which his lieutenants had the nerve and the wisdom to violate, and was saved from annihilation at the very opening of the campaign by the incredible mistakes of Napoleon's officers and the heroic gallantry of the Prussians. He also points out that the Duke's statement that on June 15th he ordered the concentration of his army at Quatre Bras was demonstrated as untrue by Lord Wolseley.

Mr. Creasey counted Waterloo among the decisive battles of the world, but Mr. Watson does not agree with him, because, although putting an end to Napoleon's career, it accomplished nothing permanent —only a temporary check to those democratic principles which now govern France. The author's vivid style suits his subject, and he closes his book with a glowing tribute to Marshal Ney, disposing of the legend that the execution in the gardens of the Luxembourg was a mock one and that the great soldier ended his days as a school teacher in North Carolina.—New York Herald.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

8563—A STYLISH LITTLE DRESS.

This simple little model is unusually attractive and, what is more to the point, is easily and quickly made. It is cut in one piece from neck to hem and fastens conveniently down the front. Two wide tucks over the shoulders give the necessary fullness and add considerably to the smartness of the mode. Gingham, linen, cashmere and serge are all suitable for reproduction. Pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Ten-year size requires 3¾ yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in stamps or silver.

8462 — LADIES' CIRCULAR FRENCH DRAWERS, TO BE CLOSED AT THE SIDES OR BACK.

This garment fits closely over the hips, while the lower portion is cut with ample

fulness. The design is suitable for silk, lawn, nainsook, cambric, muslin or batiste, and any preferred trimming may be used for decoration. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches, waist measure.

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8803—A SMART SKIRT MODEL.

Ladies' Seven-Gore Skirt, Lenghtened by a Plaited Flounce, and With or Without Shaped Band.

A most popular and chic design is here shown. It is made of a seven-gore upper part, to which a straight plaited flounce is joined. The joining is covered with a shaped band, that may be omitted. Any of the materials now in vogue may be used to develop this model. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches, waist measure. It requires, if made with the band, 4⅝ yards of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size.

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8664—AN ATTRACTIVE FROCK.

Girls' Dress.

This model is one of the prettiest of the season's styles for girls. In reseda cashmere with pipings of green velvet and the chemisette covered with a new fancy mesh green net. This design will make a becoming Sunday dress; or in brown cheviot serge, trimmed with black soutache. it will make a nice school dress. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8. 10 and 12 years, and requires four yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

8783—LADIES' COSTUME

With Side Closing and With or Without Trimming Bands.

Semi-princess effects have lost none of their popularity. for what is more comfortable and convenient than a waist and skirt that will stay in place, as this style shows. The side closing and round yoke effect on this model are especially attractive. The sleeve is cut to simulate a cap at its upper part. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. bust measure. It requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

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8797—A STYLISH MODEL,

Portraying Some of the Best Features of the Season's Coat Styles.

Semi-fitted coat for misses or small women. The semi-fitted coat is ever popular, and especially well adapted for home sewing, as the arrangement of the seams makes the slight fitting that is necessary an easy matter. The two-seam sleeves may be finished with or without cuffs. The sailor collar with its shaped revers over the open fronts depicts the latest idea in collar effects. Satin, caracul, serge, cheviot, broad-cloth, or other coatings are all suitable for this model. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 14, 16 and 18 years. It requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch material for the 16-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

8589—GIRLS' DRESS.

A Semi-Princess Dress for Mother's Girl.

A prettier dress than this model cannot be conceived; it is likewise simple and yet attractive. The panel front with rounded yoke edge and broad Gibson tucks is especially graceful. The skirt may be plaited or gatherel under the belt. In reo serge with trimming of black velvet and jet buttons and a fine net or embroidery for yoke, this model will be very effective. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 6⅛ yards of 24-inch material with ½-yard allover or net for yoke for the 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

8802—LADIES' WAIST WITH TUCKER YOKE.

An Excellent Suggestion for a Simple but Effective Waist.

This pictures an attractive waist with distinctive style of its own. For evening wear, the yoke may be omitted and the sleeves shortened. As illustrated, the model will develop well, in satin, messalin, marquisette. chiffon. or cashmere, also in linen or other wash fabrics. The waist closes at the centre back, and has a deep tuck over the shoulders. The square cut neck edge may be trimmed with braid or embroidered bands. The yoke may be of lace, net or chiffon. In black satin, with pipings and other slight touches of orange and a yoke of mechlin net, this model will be especially attractive. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. bust measure. It requires 2½ yarls of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

8795—AN UP-TO-DATE AND COMFORTABLE COMBINATION GARMENT.

Ladies' Combination Drawers and Corset Cover, With or Without Ruffle, and in Square or Round Neck Edge.

A practical garment that has excellent

staple features here shown. It has dart fitted body portions, that tend to give the fashionable slight effect to the figure. The ruffle may be omitted. The pattern is cut in three sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size with ruffle; without ruffle, will require 3⅛ yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

8517—BOYS' RUSSIAN SUIT.

This simple yet stylish little suit for the small boy is suitable for development in galatea, linen, serge and broad-cloth. The blouse is made with a neck band and broad collar, which may be of the material or plain white linen. The little knickerbockers are held in place at the knees by an elastic run in a casing. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Four-year size requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

A Few Good Ones From The Saturday Evening Post

When Tom Johnson, for many years mayor of Cleveland and all that, started in life he drove a horse-car in Indianapolis.

One night there was a big storm of sleet and snow and the tracks were almost hidden. Johnson was on the night shift, and in the storm he drove his car two blocks beyond a curve before he realized the car was off the track and slipping along on the ice.

He tried to pull the car back and failed. Thereupon he unhitched the horses, drove them back to the barn and left the car where it was.

Next day the superintendent called him. "Here, Johnson, said he, "what do you mean by driving a car off the track and then leaving it in the street?"

"Why," Johnson replied suavely, "that's in the rules for drivers and conductors."

"In the rules for drivers and conductors!" roared the superintendent. "Where, I'd like to know?"

"Certainly," replied Johnson. "It says always to be polite to passengers. Do you remember the kind of a night last night was? Well, there was a lady on my car who didn't have an umbrella and she lived two blocks from that curve. So I drove her home."

Robert F. Broussard, who represents the third Louisiana district in Congress, is known as "Coozan Bob" to the many French among his constituents. During the campaign that ended in November Broussard was making a tour over the Teche Bayou belt, which is a part of his district.

One night, after the speaking, Mr. Broussard found himself in a poker game with some friends. Broussard has a reputation for bluffing every time he gets a chance, and during the game he stepped debonairly out on a limb and bet forty-five dollars.

The only man left in the pot with him looked at the big pile of chips and promptly fell to the floor in a fit. There was a doctor present and he got the man around in a short time. Before, however, he had been lifted from the floor the man waved his hand and said weakly: "I'll just call that, darn you."

J. Pierpont Morgan likes fish for breakfast.

Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, likes to wear—and does wear—a cute little round blue felt hat.

President Taft has modified his banting diet somewhat. He eats about everything now, save bread and sweets.

Senator Hughes, of Colorado, owns one of the great libraries of the West. He has a hobby for fine bindings.

John Drew, the actor, never writes a letter, they say. He telegraphs or telephones or does neither, as it suits him.

Burpee's

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1911

"THE SILENT SALESMAN" of the World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade tells the *plain truth* about the Best Seeds that can be grown,—as proved at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS,—the largest Trial Grounds in America. Handsomely bound with covers lithographed in nine colors it shows, with the six colored plates, Seventeen Choicest Vegetables and most Beautiful New Flowers.

It is a SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds. It is **mailed FREE to all** who appreciate QUALITY IN SEEDS. Shall we mail YOU a copy? If so, kindly *name this magazine* and **write TO-DAY!**

W. Atlee Burpee & Co.

Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

I Can Make You a Convincing Speaker

says Grenville Kleiser (formerly of Yale Faculty). He rids you of timidity—gives you confidence in yourself—develops your power and personality. Just give him fifteen minutes of your time daily—at home—and he will speedily teach you how to

Close Sales—Make Political Speeches Address Board Meetings—Deliver After Dinner Speeches—Propose Toasts—Tell Stories Entertainingly.

If you can't talk to the point, you can't carry conviction—you can't *win! Don't you want to be a winner?* Then write *to-day.* Let us tell you all about this helpful Course *and prove its value.* A postal will do.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 151 NEW YORK

These Pictures are Proof

Before **2 Months Later**

These two photographs tell a story that cannot be denied. They are of Edna Guyton, daughter of Mr. L. E. Guyton, Walnut Springs, Texas.

Edna was born with club feet. The left picture shows exactly how her feet looked when she came to us July 12, 1910. The other was made shortly after she left the Sanitarium, September 23, 1910.

Mr. Guyton had tried plaster paris and other methods for treatment before he brought the girl to us. Write him and have him tell you of his experience in the treatment of his girl's affliction. The

L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium

is a private institution, devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and deformed conditions, especially of children and young adults.

Write us freely regarding Club Feet, Spinal Diseases, Deformities, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Wry Neck, etc., and we will send you descriptive literature and advise you fully. Ex-patients everywhere as reference.

The L. C. McLain Sanitarium,
941 Aubert Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

SELECT YOUR FIREPLACE From Our Free Style Book

In building your house, you want it healthful, architecturally beautiful and harmoniously decorated.

The fireplace is the most healthful thing you can put in it because it purifies the air and ventilates every room it is in; it can be entirely suited to its surroundings and harmonize with your decorations.

In our free style book, "The Fireplace in the Home," you can find just what you want, or a special design can be made for you.

Let us send you this booklet so you can see, in its colored illustrations the beautiful effects made by the fireplace in the living room, dining room and bed room for little prices. Your guarantee of quality is our shopmark which is on the Modern Mantel.

MODERN MANTELS KFC

KNOXVILLE FURNITURE COMPANY
528 McGhee St., Knoxville, Tenn.

Give Your Boy an Automobile Education

It will be worth more to him than if you placed a thousand dollars to his credit in the bank—he might squander the money, but he cannot lose his education as an automobile expert. We have young men yet in their teens, earning as high as $150.00 a month. We can teach the automobile business, in your own home, in 12 weeks. Under our plan we furnish each student with a small model of an automobile, and we employ all our students the day they enroll. Part of the cost to learn is not payable until we place our graduates in positions. Get your boy started right in life by giving him a trade that will pay a high salary and insure his always having an income. Write for our descriptive plan No. 100 and copies of letters from our graduates now employed.

The Automobile School of Washington, Inc.,
Washington, D. C.

Picklewood Shingle Stains

To Beautify Your Home

Creosote Oil

To Preserve Your Shingles

Write for Samples and Prices

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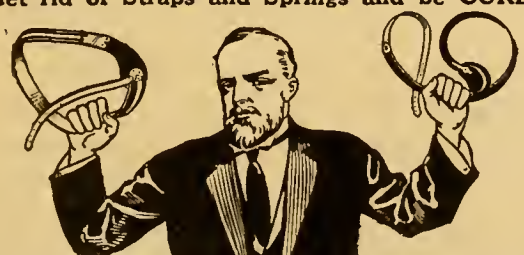
NASHVILLE CHEMICAL COMPANY

921 First Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

Don't Wear Trusses Like These

Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED



Our FREE BOOK tells you why Leg-strap appliances and Spring trusses like shown above CANNOT help you and how the Cluthe Ball-bearing Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles while Holding with ease and CURES Rupture Waterproof, durable; sent under Garantee Trial. Remember — NO body-spring, NO plaster, NO leg-strap to pull pad on pelvic bone Write NOW for this helpful FREE BOOK with 3500 Public Endorsements on this safe and simple Home Cure. When writing, give our box number:—

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FOUNTAIN PEN

The most popular and widely known Fountain Pen made.

Style shown on left mounted with STERLING SILVER Filigree; style on right, Pearl mounted with two handsome gold bands SIZE and STYLE SIMILAR TO CUT.

Either of the above patterns postpaid to any address for only $2.00

By insured mail 5 cts extra.

Either of these patterns will make a splendid practical useful present for Lady or Gentlemen for any occasion.

Either of these fountain pens without the fancy mountings on holder, plain or engraved pattern as desired,

Complete to any Address Only $1

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Every pen guaranteed full 14 Kt. solid gold, and to be satisfactory in every particular.

Try the pen a week, if you do not find it as represented, a better value than you can secure for double our price in any other make, return it and we will refund your money; in ordering, state whether fine, medium or coarse point is desired.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, insist upon getting the GENUINE LAUGHLIN, advertised pen. with NAME on pen and holder. IF YOUR DEALER will not supply you REFUSE THE SUBSTITUTE and order direct from us.

Give us the name of your dealer that you asked to show you a LAUGHLIN pen, and for this courtesy we will send you FREE OF CHARGE one of our new safety pocket fountain pen holders.

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Laughlin Mfg. Co.

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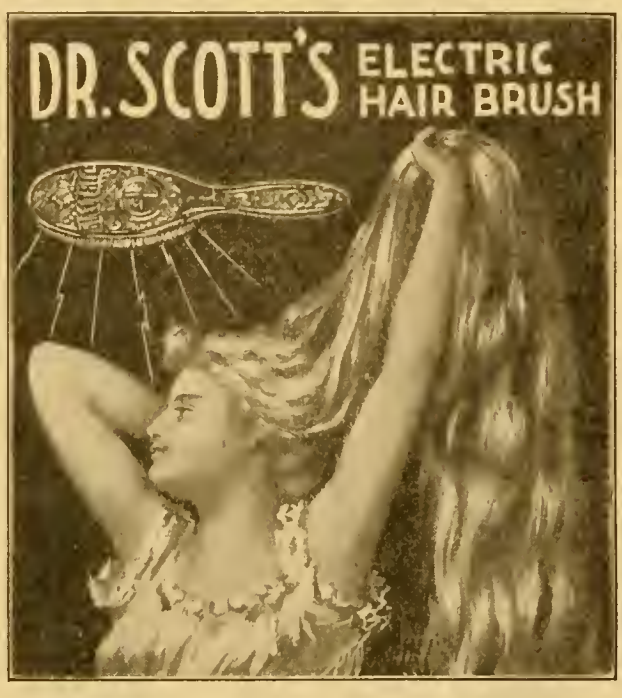
DETROIT, MICH.



Makes Long, Rich, Glossy Hair

Gives Freedom from Headache and Neuralgia; Prevents Dandruff, Falling Hair and Baldness; for Gentlemen also. Beware of imitations. My brush is packed in a neat box with compass to test power.

Try it 30 days; if not found as represented, return it and money will be refunded. Canvassing agents wanted. Write for our book, "The Germ of all Life is Electricity." Dr. Scott's Electric Comb, 50c. *Established 32 years.*

Price, Postpaid to Any Address, $1.00

Pall Mall Electric Co., 876 Broadway, New York

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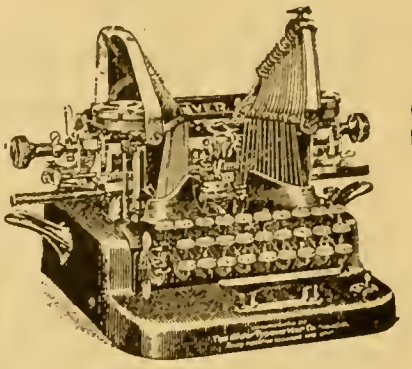

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Save 50 to 75 Per Cent.

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42 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

"IT'S A LIVE WIRE"

The Jeffersonian

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR THE INTELLIGENT THINKER

Mr. Watson writes each week an average of twelve hundred lines of editorials for this paper, dealing with all the political and social issues of the day.

In each issue you will keep up with the progress of the world; Letters from the People, which is a contributors' club; Woman's Page; the Sunny South Brotherhood, for the cripples and shut ins; "The Good, the Bad, the Otherwise, and a Few Laconics," which is the spice of life; Farm Department; the Post Card Club, for the kids, and many special articles of general interest.

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For the next thirty days we will accept subscriptions to ***Watson's Magazine*** and ***The Jeffersonian,*** both for ***$1.50*** per year.

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The Jeffersonian - - - -	**1.00**
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BOTH FOR $1.50

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DIAMONDS.
at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. **See them first—then pay.** **Special Offer** — 14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. $5.98. Gents ring 1 ct. $6.98. 14k Stud 1 ct. $4.86. Sent C.O.D. for inspection. **Catalog FREE**, shows full line. Patent ring gauge included, 10c. The Baroda Co., Dept. A17 Leland & Dover St., Chicago

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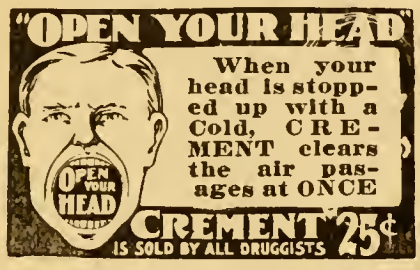

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Buy Your Bulbs in Nashville

You will save money by ordering from us, as the Freight and Express rates out of Nashville are very low on account of its central location.

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Cannas	**Cinnamon Vine**	**Sweet Peas**
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Send for our beautiful and instructive catalogue of Garden, Flower, and Field seed, mailed FREE on request.

EWING SEED CO.

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Al-To-Co-Mo Infirmary

Morphine, All Drug Addictions and Alcoholism Successfully Treated.

I absolutely guarantee to cure, within ten days, **Opium, Morphine and Alcohol Addictions** by an entirely new method of treatment without **Nervousness, Distress or Suffering** and I completely control the withdrawal sufferings and my treatment is perfectly harmless and humane. Unconditional guarantee. **No Cure, No Pay.** Or patient can place his money in bank or with any responsible citizen until a cure is realized. I have no home treatment and do not believe that one case in one thousand is cured by the home method of treatment. I treat all patients at my infirmary and they are under my personal care and direction. Correspondence considered strictly confidential. No barred rooms, but perfect freedom in my treatment to all.

DR. S. C. FROST, Nashville, Tenn.
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Experts can seldom distinguish between the two. Mexican Diamonds stand acid tests, are beautifully cut and polished, and guaranteed permanently brilliant. We will send on **FREE** examination, by express, C. O. D. at these **Special Introductory Prices.** Ladies' Ring, same style as cut, with ½-carat Mexican Diamond, $4.98; 1-carat, $7.76. Gents' Round Belcher Ring, ½-carat, $6.94; 1-carat, $11.36. All rings **solid gold.** State size and we will forward ring immediately with guarantee. 10% discount for cash with order. If not satisfactory, return in three days for refund. Write today for **Free Illustrated Catalogue.**

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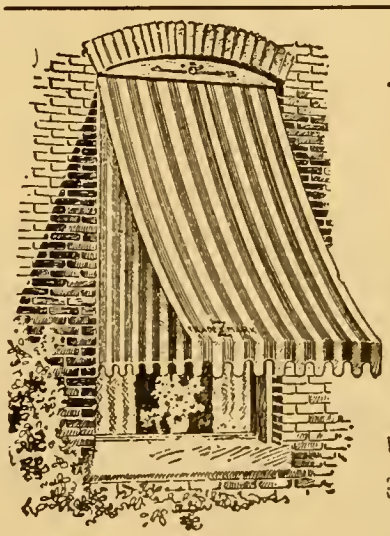
Dept. LD 12 **Las Cruces, New Mexico**
Exclusive Controllers of the Mexican Diamond.



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Store and Residence Awnings
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Our large Mail Order business is most satisfactory.

Drug, Alcohol and Tobacco Habits

Can be cured within TEN DAYS by a Scientific and Painless Method. This old established institution is ideally situated and completely equipped with the latest Electro-Therapeutical apparatus, baths and other conveniences. OUR PROPOSITION: No deposit or fee asked or expected until a cure is complete. Patients also cured at home. We refer by permission to all Lebanon Physicians and Ministers. Booklet free.

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Do You Want to Sell, Buy or Exchange Anything?

You Can Do So Through These Columns

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$100 **MONTHLY** and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., M. N., 178, Chicago, Ill.

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WANTED—Young men and young women to prepare for positions paying from $50 to $150 per month. Positions guaranteed; railroad fare paid. WHEELER BUSINESS COLLEGE, Birmingham, Ala.

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IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS then write at once. An opportunity is offered you that you cannot help but accept. We furnish outfit complete without expense to you, and give you any locality you wish. Address, THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC (Inc.) (Capital stock, $50,000). Church St. and 5th Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

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FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you; sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet 836A. No obligation. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

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LANDS in Alabama and Mississippi. For fruit, vegetables, cotton, sugar cane, pecans, Sumatra shaded tobacco, general farming stock, etc., $5 to $10 an acre. Easy terms. Folder and Map Free. G. KILBORN, Mobile, Ala.

FARM LANDS.—I have for sale choice Farm Lands and Colonization Tracts in South and Southwest Georgia. These lands are cheap and will rapidly enhance in value. If you are contemplating a change of location, don't overlook these sections. We do not handle anything but good property. Write me for descriptive circular. SMITH D. PICKETT, Walton Building, Atlanta, Ga.

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GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper containing advertisements, marriageable people from all sections of the United States, Canada; rich, poor, young, old; Protestants, Catholics; mailed sealed free. A. A. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

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Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards and Stamped Stationery. Elegant goods from a beautiful shop at moderate prices. *Samples and prices upon request.*

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PATENTED NOVELTIES MANUFACTURED to contract. Don't let your patent lie idle; we will make your dies and tools and manufacture the article ready for the market. Why not write now? SOUTHERN STAMPING & MFG. CO., 109 Twelfth Ave., N. R. T., Nashville, Tenn.

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Belle-Camp Calendar, 1911

This beautiful Four-season Boileau Art Calendar consists of four panels, 11x17 inches; each picture looks like an original Water-color, so perfectly is it reproduced to bring out all the true coloring of the original—and the Calendar is without advertising, which makes it ideal for framing—just the thing for your den.

The Calendar is yours if you will send us Fifty Cents in coin or stamps; or for One Dollar and Seventy-five Cents we will send it FREE with a Two-pound box of

Belle-Camp Chocolates

"The Daintiest That Ever Parted Two Lips"

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To Dealers—For a limited time we can furnish you these Calendars to be given away with each purchase of a Two-pound box of Belle-Camp Chocolates. Write at once for our proposition, and make Window Display.

MARRIED OR SINGLE? MALE OR FEMALE? YOUNG OR OLD?

A Book of VITAL INTEREST on Marriage, Parentage, Health, Disease and Sexual Life.

READ DR. FOOTE'S "HOME CYCLOPEDIA of POPULAR MEDICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

This enthralling book is certain to awaken thought in every reader. It contains more truths, common-sense, vital facts, valuable advice and information than your doctor would give you for $100. It answers in plain language a thousand questions that occur to the minds of men and women, young and old,—questions of so delicate a nature that they are difficult to mention, even to a physician. Chapters are devoted to numerous subjects concerning marriage, and sexual Relations from a Physiological standpoint, which makes this great book a superior guide to the conduct of men and women in and out of marriage. This book contains 1248 pages and 330 illustrations, besides 80 lithographs in 5 colors; cloth bound. Size 7 1-2 x 5 1-2 inches; 2 inches thick. Regular Price $2.00

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SEND TO DAY *for our 31 page* FREE *descriptive booklet, with table of contents, opinions of people, and other interesting matter; also for our* SPECIAL PRICE OFFER.

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MEMORY the BASIS of All KNOWLEDGE

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Sent absolutely free—Address

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Unmounted, on selection, at wholesale prices to manufacturing jewelers. Bull and Cow, Elk sizes, in white singles and in pairs, with nature-colored ends.

Cabochon and faceted gems of all sorts for jewelers, on selection.

Rough Gem Minerals for Gem cutters. Price list free.

Largest Dealer in Elk Teeth in the World.

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"The South's Greatest Printery"

¶ Publishers and Printers of Monthly and Weekly Magazines and Journals. ¶ Catalogues, School Annuals, and Legal Briefs a Specialty. ¶ Best Equipped Plant in the South for *Fine, Artistic Work.* ¶ Our Work is the Best—Our Prices are Lowest—Hence, Our Customers are Pleased. ¶ No Job Too Large.

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C. R. CAPPS,
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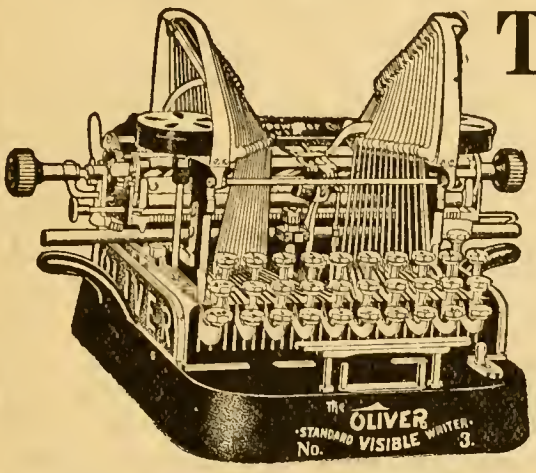
AN IMMENSE PRICE-SAVING TYPEWRITER SALE



Act NOW and save $50 on this Standard Visible Writer

ORIGINAL Model No. 3 Olivers for $50 on time—$5 after trial and $5 a month. No interest. Shipped on approval without deposit. Protected by standard guarantee.

These typewriters are flawless—the equal in EVERY respect of ANY typewriter, regardless of price. In no way damaged, shop-worn or inferior.

VISIBLE WRITING—Every letter is in plain sight as soon as printed—a necessity now.

UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD—All standard typewriters have adopted the universal keyboard—you would waste time learning any other. The Oliver has 84 characters.

QUALITY OF THE WORK—The beautiful work turned out on this splendid typewriter will give your letters distinction: the quality of the typewriting has a marked effect upon the success of a letter. The U-shaped typebar and wide, smooth bearings insure perfect alignment, while the one-piece escapement mechanism gives a perfect spacing between the letters. The type are exceedingly hard; they make a clear, clean-cut impression.

CARBON-PAPER COPIES—An excellent manifolder because of the down stroke of the typebar—twenty copies, if you like. Cuts a perfect stencil for mimeograph work.

RULED LINES—The simple variable-spacing device is instantly adjustable to write on ruled lines—draws horizontal or vertical lines with type and ribbon.

WRITES IN COLORS—The Oliver originated the two-color writing—no change of ribbon necessary to write in any color.

CARDS, BILLS, STATEMENTS, LABELS AND ALL MEMORANDUMS written with ease and dispatch on this handy machine.

EASY TO OPERATE—So simple any one can learn in a few minutes; elaborate instruction book sent with every machine.

LIGHT ACTION—The down stroke of the typebar, with its scientific lever principle and wide, smooth bearings, gives the Oliver an action that is the lightest found on any typewriter. It is a pleasure to strike the keys.

CONVENIENT—The ingenious arrangement of the working parts cannot be described adequately on paper, but will be fully appreciated by you when you use the machine.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME—Simplicity is the keynote of the Oliver construction. Less than one-third as many parts as the other machines. Will do a greater variety of work. There is practically no wear-out to this sturdy typewriter.

PORTABLE, COMPACT, EFFICIENT—The lightest of all standard machines. Most of the weight is in the base, which reduces vibration and places the working parts in a compact, convenient position. It is always ready for business—always efficient. It will do any practical thing that any typewriter will do.

COMPLETE—Metal case and baseboard, tools, instructions, etc., accompany each machine—nothing extra to buy.

EASY TO OWN—You can have one of these splendid typewriters for your own. Merely a few cents a day—$5.00 after you have tried the machine, and then $5.00 a month for nine months—only $50 in all—this is just half of the regular price and there is no interest to pay on the installments. You use the machine while paying for it. Think of it! the best typewriter that money can buy for only 17 cents a day for a few months.

ORDER IT ON TRIAL—You are welcome to use this splendid machine for five days without paying any deposit, or obligating yourself in any way; no salesman or agent will call upon you, and you will be the sole judge.

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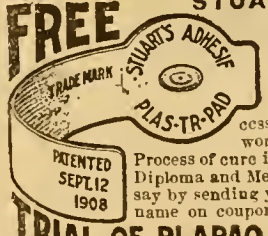

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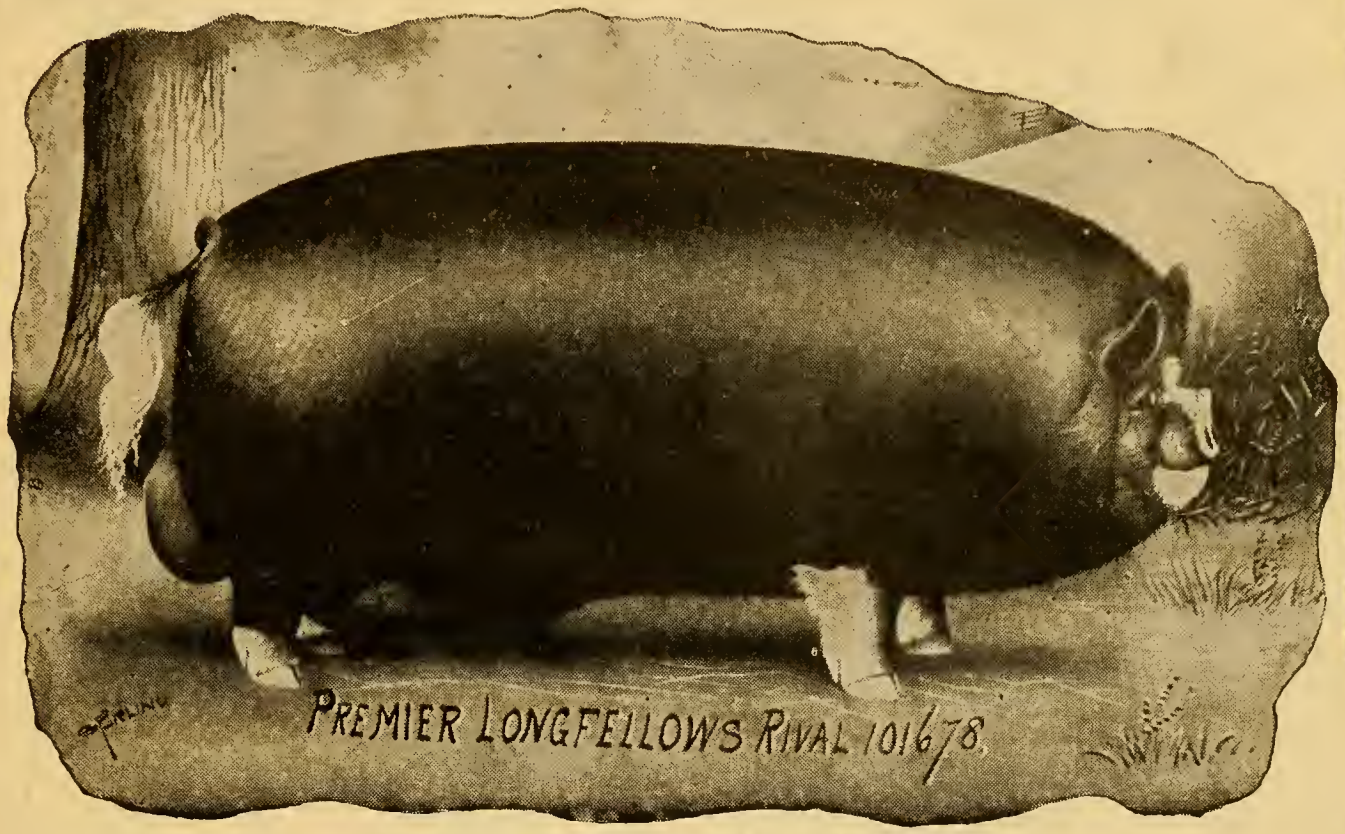

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